OBERLIN

1903



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Tune:- Mother May I Go Out to Swim

1. "Mother, may I go off to school?"
"Yes, my darling daughter"
Take your choice of study and rule,
But don't go near the water"

2. "Smith or Holyoke then will do?
"No they make me shiver
They're unsafe and Vassar, too,
For all are near the river.

3. Wellesley, then, is just the thing?
No, my darling daughter;
Many a danger it will bring
Its lake is full of water".

4. "Mother, oh what is the danger then?"
Well, my darling daughter;
Dangerous creatures known as men
Are said to love the water."

5. There's Oberlin in the western wild"—
Yes, my darling dearie,
Now you talk like a sensible child.
It is not near Lake Erie".

6. When you write to your mother of Oberlin then
Say nothing of dangerous water;
Mother'll be happy and so will the men,
And so will the darling daughter.

Margaret Strong. '02

Presented to
Anna.
by Grandma.
May 28-1902.

Tune: "Meerschaum Pipe".

1. Oh, who will be a Senior then?
When I am far away
2. Oh, who will wear my cap and gown?
3. Oh, who will have my First Church pew?
4. Oh, who will keep the Freshmen straight?
5. Oh, who will flunk in Andy's Math?
6. Oh, who will love my dear old Mike?
7. Oh, who will feed the Junior's goats? Naw Bill.
8. Oh, who will love the blue and White?
9. Oh, who will think of naughty-three?
10. Oh, who will sit upon this Step?
11. Oh, who will sing these dear old songs?

Mabel Wright '02


THE
O. S.
HUBBELL
PRINTING
CO.
CLEVELAND
OHIO.

Foreword.

Another year has run its merry course
And leaves behind its record in this simple book,
Deal kindly with its faults and ought commend
That lends itself to fill life's joyous work.

And as you glance these living pages through,
Should mirth you find, or yet sweet memory
We rest content with having done our part,
And greetings to bring you from Naughty-Three.

TO CHARLES HENRY ADAMS WAGER.

On the twentieth of December, 1869, in the little town of Cohoes, New York, Charles Henry Adams Wager was born. At the age of seventeen he entered Colgate Academy, Hamilton, New York. Completing his preparatory work in two years he entered Colgate University in '88. During his college course he was a member of the Delta Upsilon and Phi Beta Kappa fraternities, and upon receiving his A. B. in '92 his knowledge and proficiency in the department of languages was so well recognized that he was immediately appointed instructor in Latin in Colgate University, with entire charge of the department.

The following year, however, he entered the Graduate School of Yale, and for two years pursued advanced studies in English under the direction of Professor Albert S. Cook. The summer of 1894 was spent in England with Professor Cook, visiting especially places associated with the early history of the church and of education.

In the winter of 1895 he delivered a course of lectures on "The Beginnings of Culture in England" to graduate students of Yale, and the following June received the degree of Ph. D. from that institution.

From 1895-97 he occupied the chair of Professor of English in Centre College, Danville, Kentucky. In 1896 he was married to Miss Annie Applegate, of Red Bank, New Jersey. The following year, 1897, he was appointed Professor of English in Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, which place he held until he was called to Oberlin in 1900. At Kenyon College he was a great favorite among the students and was familiarly known as "Foxy" Wager.

In 1899 Professor Wager published an edition, with introduction and glossaries, of "The Seege of Troye" from a manuscript in the British Museum, a Middle English metrical romance based on a French original.

The summer of 1899 was spent in England, chiefly in the British Museum, collecting material from two published and four unpublished manuscripts, for an edition of certain Latin-Old English glosses.

In the fall of 1900 Mr. Wager came to Oberlin to occupy the chair of Professor of English left vacant by the death of Professor Cressey. To say that the students of Oberlin College are pleased and well-satisfied with their new professor is small praise indeed. From the first meeting of his first class the popularity of his courses has become so general that he has found it necessary to limit the membership of certain classes in order to secure work of sufficient merit to satisfy his high standard of excellence. Aside from his popularity as a teacher, his ever-pleasant smile and genial manner, together with his marked individuality and strong character as a man, have won for him a warm place in the heart of every student knowing him as teacher, or personal friend, or both. As members of his first class in Oberlin, it is with peculiar pleasure that the Junior Class dedicate to him the Annual of 1902.

"If. . . . .day and night,
The human race should write, and write, and write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round its brink
Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink."



LITERARY.

SAINT VALENTINE'S EVE.

Now busy studente taketh tyme
To cultivate the tender ryme.

The paineful taske at lengthe is donne;
He wot that this be sorrie foun,

Escapeth now a sudden sygh—
What if sche think the verses drygh?

The midnight chimes begin to toll,
He layeth down his fevered poll,

Booteth him naught swete slepe to woo,
For sche doth all his court eschiew.

Pittie the ende of mad studente,
Who would make ryme agaynst his bente.

H. C. Tracy.

FROM THE STAIR.

To F. W. *A Triolet.*

She nodded from the stair,
Arch, graceful, smiling, sweet,
Bright in her shining hair,
She nodded from the stair.
Knowing the trick unfair—
Since I was at her feet—
She nodded from the stair,
Arch, graceful, smiling, sweet.

R. M.

Through A Glass Darkly.

JEFFERSON PLATT had often heard the story from lame Ephram and from others of the few family darkies, the faithful survivors of war and disenfranchisement. Moreover, the divided partisanship of half the countryside kept the details of the affair alive. To Jefferson this old feud, between Lesters and Hartcourt-Platts was an accepted part of life, an inherited possession, like the villa, or the hunting-knife, with its handles carved into a stag's head, which his father had picked up in the ashes of a ruined home just after a Ku Klux raid thirty-five years before.

In those romantic days before the war, Jefferson's mother, Sally Harthcourt, reigned in the Great House that overlooks once-aristocratic Bellevue, Missouri. The winter that her "bosom friend," Anne Lester, visited in Washington and achieved her conquest of the brilliant young congressman, David Platt, it was understood in the exclusive circles of the First Families that Miss Sally had accepted Anne's brother, Clive. David Platt came west that next fall to visit his fiancee and the whole "set" was entertained one lavish week at the "Great House." "Miss Sally, Marse Jeff," Ephram used to explain, "could'n' no moh hep flirtin' denn de yaller sun can hep shinin'." Certain it was that she jilted Clive Lester for the Northerner, who had too speedily capitulated under his hostess's blandishments. Before the county ceased to talk of this affair or of Anne's immediate engagement to another lover, David Platt brought Miss Sally down from the Great House that overlooks Bellevue to a rambling, tree-surrounded place a mile up the road. Five happy years here in the Villa, as it was called, ended abruptly in tragedy. David Platt was shot by the brooding, revengeful Clive Lester. Of course a packed jury acquitted him. Miss Sally, broken with grief, threw her life into the worship of her son, Jefferson.

While the Great House on the hill decayed with the ruined fortunes of the Harthcourts, this boy grew up a handsome, dare-devil, selfish fellow, always in trouble. The culminating disgrace of a college expulsion killed Miss Sally; and so her poor story ended in disappointment, loneliness, death.

Jefferson mourned his mother in his self-centred way, and sometimes allowed his dreams over his father's wrongs to rouse him to a vague sense of anger. "But then Clive Lester's son is poh trash," he generally thought, "not worth the powdah t' shoot him. The old gentleman had a sight moh whiteness about him."

In the summer of 1897, John Lester, the "poh trash" of Jefferson's soliloquies, was shot one evening about dusk while hunting in the Platt woods a mile east of the Villa. At the time the tragedy occurred, a farmer of the neighborhood was filling his supply of buckets at the lake across the road from the woods. He was a little, fat, puffing man with a round face in which black beads of eyes twinkled. Hearing an altercation in the grove at his back, he had paused, pushing back his torn fishing-hat to mop his forehead with a big wadded "Bandanna." It passed through his mind that one of the voices sounded "like a niggah's."

As he took up his pail again, "Quicker'n a cotten tail" he heard two cries. Some one ejaculated—"sharp an' piercin' like the whistle on the mid-

night flyah''—''A knife, you trash!'' to which the gutteral voice returned, ''Drop that gun!''

A shot,—a confusion of noises,—silence followed until a negro broke out from the trees. The momentary exposure before he turned and crashed back into the woods, allowed the little fat man to recognize him. For an instant this accidental member of the Dramatis Personæ stood irresolute, then, even in his half-paralyzed mental condition obeying the automatic impulse toward flight, he ran. His tin pail, clattering down upon the rocky ground, rolled with a splash into the water.

Once out from the grasping shadows of the cedars he swerved around the corner, and now he could see before him at the end of the hilly road the village of Bellevue. The Great House loomed above it, grey, vague, dismal against the pink streaks of the sunset sky. On the other side of the Black River Bridge, the runner stumbled, was up again, caught his foot and fell.

The shock cleared his brain. As he pulled himself to his feet he found that he had tripped before the gatway of the Villa. He could half descry the house far back from the road, partly obscured by trees. A light glimmered from an upper window. The little fat man turned in at the gate and hurried up the walk, looking fearfully over his shoulder to the dark patch of woods at his right.

Through the gathering dusk the glow of a pipe shone from the porch. Toward this the newcomer directed an excited salutation as he panted up the steps, ''Howdy, Jeff Platt.'' ''Why, howdy, Twang,'' drawled the smoker, not shifting his position in a chair that balanced on two legs. He was a lounging big fellow, seen in the twilight, with a reckless insolence of manner.

He spoke slowly, smoothly, his tone half-sneering in its deliberateness. To a time-saving man his first words would carry the psychologic suggestion of a thrashing. Still his voice possessed a soft liquidness, mellowing even Twang's harsh name. Only your true Southerner slips over speech with that caressing sweetness. Like his father and mother and playmates he acquired its gliding ease from the songs and stories of a darkey mammy.

When Jefferson Platt entered Boonville Military Academy, a Wisconsin boy told him he talked ''like a nigger.'' ''I'd a powerful lot soonah talk lak a niggah,'' he swore hotly, ''than lak a damned Yankee!''

''Where's dat lame niggah o' yo' all's, Jeff Platt?'' demanded Twang, dropping down upon the top step in answer to the other's invitation to have a seat. He was turned sideways facing the woods. His host followed his gaze, got up almost immediately and leaned against a pillar looking down into the excited eyes of his visitor. ''What do you want with that ole worfless Ephram, Twang? Lost a chicken or a watermilyon?''

Twang was far from facetious. Staring across the fields he did not answer.

''Well, out with it,'' ordered Platt abruptly.

''They's somethin' ovah in yo' alls' woods.'' He pointed. ''Ephram saw it. He came streakin' out after the shot and skunked back 'fo' I could yell. Jeff Platt, they's some devilishness up.''

More coherently afterwards he told his adventure, the force of his suspicions growing as they were put into words.



"Twang," deliberated Platt when his guest had finished, "Ephram's an ole man. He's lazed roun' heah yeahs an' yeahs, an' I mistrust he'll stay on a spell yet."

"Jes you come an' see yoself, you don' believe me. You, a Platt, standin' up foh a lame old niggah who orter hung when he couldn't a' touched ground, swingin' from a red-haw tree, befoh yo Pa stirred up murder with his eye-glasses and his lies."

Jeff relighted his cold pipe. His silence baited Twang, who got to his feet. "Ef Ephram's hidin' 'round heah, you all'd better recomember Judge Lynch."

"Who's that you threaten, you low-down trash? Get off this porch or I'll—"

Instantly Twang's hand was on his revolver. Here he contested with no mystery, no woods, only a man.

Platt's eye flashed. "Drop that gun," he thundered.

The hard steel clattered against the steps. Twang's face was dead-white. "My God!" he gasped, "Ovah theh just as he fihed—I heard it—a kindah thick voice—'Drop that gun.' "

Platt brought his hand down upon the speaker's shoulder. "Man," he said, intensely, "you heahed nothin', nothin', you ah mad!"

Then his grip relaxed and he laughed. "You and me will get a job with the trained seals, ma chipmunk, an' leave these pahts. We all ah too excitin' foh Bellevue. Just you wait, I'll get a headlight and we'll light the woods like noon."

As he returned he caught Twang's muttered—"They's some devilishness heah."

The two men walked in silence except for the occasional expression of Twang's busy thoughts. "That lame Ephram," he said once, "could 'a' cut 'cross lots to you all's woodshed befoh I got round to the Bridge. They don't seem no use in lookin' now. It's too dark." Indeed by this time the night had settled over the trees and the short walk across the fields brought them to a dense gloom of woods.

When they stepped into the shadows, Platt stopped abruptly. Feeling Twang's fearful clutch on his arm he flung the little man off. "Let's go tell the town, come on!" Then he fled, Twang with difficulty matching his long strides. Half an hour had passed since the shot.

The leisurely moon was rising when a lawless mob broke into the woods, scattering in noisy, bragging parties. Their lanterns gleaming and glancing among the tree-trunks soon converged in a circle of light around the body of John Lester. They carried him to the Villa, and when they had laid him in the parlor, shouted to the master of the house for whiskey and hot water. But Jefferson Platt was nowhere to be found.

That next morning a handful of church-goers met ugly-looking bands of armed men who, tempted from their Sunday dinners by the offer of a liberal reward, were beating up and down the country. They supposed that Ephram was making for the city forty miles to the west, for some distance away in that direction a small boy gave a drink to an old exhausted-looking darkey, and through the fields they found apple-cores, the hot ashes of a fire, and corncobs with the kernels half gnawed away.

Meanwhile in Bellevue, it was surmised with considerable certainty

that Ephram had escaped down the shallow Black River bed. His non-committal relatives had doubtless thrown food, money and clothing over the bridge to him, for a belated farmer jogging along toward town that moonlit Saturday night had noticed a hulking young darkey leaning against the bridge supports and fancied he heard a swish of water and crackling of underbrush as if an animal were creeping along beneath the bridge. Twang accompanied a detective to the woods Sunday morning and there they met Jeff prowling. He disappeared shortly afterward before Twang raked out from the thick pine needles a hunting knife, its handle carved into a stag's head.

Two days passed. On the third day Ephram was taken. That evening Twang had been wandering suspiciously through the narrow side street just below the Great House. In cleaner, more respectable days before the wide fields were sold, it had been the quarters of Harthcourt negroes. The attention of the little, fat man was suddenly attracted to a figure that appeared on the top of the hill, vanishing quickly into the ruins. Twang at once crossed the road, climbed the hill and walked around the house to explore. A light was shining out from the tumble-down back door. It was easy to make out through the cracks two men seated, a lantern between them, in a great shadowy room. The one facing the door was lame Ephram.

A quarter of an hour later twenty men quietly crept up the hill. The light was gone. They beat down the crazy door and ransacked grimly the littered old apartments. When they had discovered and handcuffed the silent, cowering old negro they dragged him out into the yard. As they bound him to the gnarled trunk of a dry, dead apple tree they cried, "Judge Lynch still lives!"

This scene in all its barbarous accompaniments the morning papers detailed. A later edition reported the arrest of Jefferson Platt, whose servant the lame negro was. The sequel created scarcely less excitement. In the trial the most sensational evidence proceeded from Twang. It seems that young John Lester had met Jefferson Platt, accompanied by his servant, Ephram, in the Platt woods. They had come into a dispute over a wild dove, which each claimed to have shot. Both were hotheaded. The quarrel, waxing in warmth, turned upon family matters, grew to a crisis. The older man pulled out his hunting-knife and struck at Lester, wounding him. An unequal struggle gave the latter's gun to Platt, who fired and ran across lots to the Villa. The dazed negro scurried out into the road, saw Twang, and crept back through the woods to the barn. There fifteen minutes later he interviewed his master, who came out after his lantern. Obedient to the habit of long years, the old darkey began his tragic flight. After slipping down the Black River a few miles, he had returned and hidden himself in the ruins of the Great House. Platt had visited him the evening of his death.

With the conviction of Jefferson Platt for the murder of John Lester the last remnant of passion seemed exhausted. Southern ideals have narrowed, their usefulness is impaired, their glory stained, but still some trace endures. For the passing of the spirit of a people demands struggle, education, time, "perhaps because we see not to the close."

Ruth Mosher.

QUIET MEETING.

Stern were his eyes of Quaker gray
While hers were soft and blue,
And in the meeting-house that day
Amid the Friends, he looked her way
To where the women sat alone.
The gray eyes turned to seek his own;
All grave the blue—unconscious they
Yet answered—and he knew.

But when he met her at the door
She spoke, who never dared before:
" 'Twas strange that when thee turned thy head
The Spirit moved me too," she said.

Margery Strong.

IN HER EYES SO DEEP.

In her eyes so deep there are secrets hid,
That I try in vain to read.
And the magic to lift each drooping lid
Is surely my heart's great need.
Yet I dream there's a love that will never sleep,
In her eyes so deep.

Could I read my fate in those eyes of blue,
I'd happier be, I know.
For I'm given to hope I would find them true,
And with tender trust aglow.
So I dream there's a love that will never sleep,
In her eyes so deep.

When lifted at last they are filled with tears,
Those wonderful, limpid eyes—
Then away with my craven doubts and fears!
They tell me I've won my prize,
And I know there's a love that will never sleep,
In her eyes so deep.

Paul Leaton Corbin.



Taken for a Comedy.

WITH a final puff of exasperation and a jolt of retaliation for past grievances, the great engine came to a standstill in stall No. 4.

Among the hurrying figures that thronged the platform before the station Ted Townley, the rising newspaper artist, was threading his way to stall No. 4. His characteristic, swinging gait, a bit more brisk than usual, if that were possible, his fresh white stock, straw hat, and general summer-at-high-noon attire, no less than the expression about his dark eyes and set jaw, testified that he was fighting the good fight with the world and winning; also his manner testified that he was anticipating a great pleasure, and that his conscience was perfectly clear on the subject.

"For the first time I now have a right to let myself care for her, and, what is more, to tell her that I do," and he braced his shoulders at the thought as men do who have left the city's dust and strife and reached the clearer atmospheres of the midslopes of the mountains.

Farther up the platform, his blue eyes dreamy with some happy recollection, his much-worn and many-times-brushed suit and soft felt hat suggesting, by very force of contrast, the white sailors and smart flannels usually displayed upon such head and shoulders as were his, stood Floyd Arnold, the young poet whose delicate and beautiful verses were beginning to be read and loved by the cultured few, but whose obscurity and unsuccess —as the world counts it—was assured for years if not for a lifetime. In his hand he held a small florist's box, and as the train pulled in he removed his hat as if performing a religious rite.

Almost the first person to alight from the train was a woman, and instantly that slight figure in the long gray cloak and scooped gray hat with the violets stacked upon it, appeared, the steps of Townley, the newspaper artist, and those of Arnold, the unrecognized poetical genius, converged toward it as a center of gravity. The girl in gray swept a glance over the crowd, saw the two men almost simultaneously, and was proud of them.

"Launcelot and Galahad," she murmured; and then aloud, as Townley reached her first and lifted her from the last step of the car, "Dear old Teddie!" Wrenching a gray glove from her right hand, she extended it to Arnold looked up at him, and said the one musical monosyllable "Floyd!" which made two men in passing turn their heads in her direction and deliver themselves of the following brilliant remarks:

"Deucedly sweet voice."

"And a deucedly beautiful girl, by Jove!"

"Lucky duffer."

"Lucky chap."

Most of the aforesaid conversation was pitched in a note perfectly audible to its subject, and Townley's frown looked like murder until the "deucedly sweet voice" recalled him to the civilities of life.

"Mr. Townley, Mr. Arnold. I have so long wanted you two to know one another, and lo! it is accomplished," and she waved her hands with mock solemnity as if in blessing over the two manly ones which clasped each other.

"What a little monk it is, eh Arnold?" said Townley, never taking his eyes from her face.

"Aye, in a dove-gray cowl," said the poet.

"Oh, thank you, gentlemen," laughed the girl, with a low courtesy, her ungloved hand upon her heart, the other holding the folds of her cloak from copious contact with the grime.

"Shall you always wear dove-gray and violet, Majorie?"

"Yes, Ted, until I am too old."

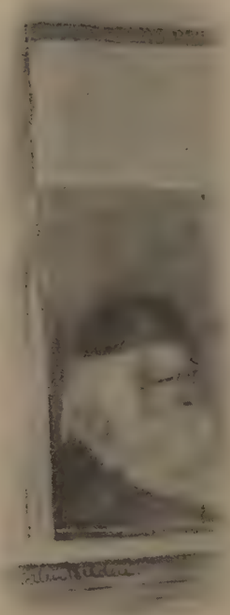
"Too old!" in concert from the men.

She nodded gravely. "And then—"

"And then?" anxiously.

"And then I shall wear white and violets, perhaps. But what nonsense we are talking. And I've only two minutes more. Where are the train letters? You didn't forget?"

"Here is mine," said the newspaper artist, producing a box of Lowney's. "Not being a genius or anything of that sort, I couldn't express just what I thought of Majorie Evans on paper, so I brought you these to eat and *Monsieur Beaucaire* to read. Won't they do just as well as eulogies, which, however, I might soar, would but cheapen, in trying to describe the loveliest being"—and he finished his tirade with a comprehensive sweep of the arm which might mean anything or nothing.



"O, Teddie, Teddie!" cried the girl, laughing until the tears stood in her eyes. "How like the speeches of our mud-pie days! What is the matter?" as a scowl darkened his face, and he moved over and planted himself directly between Majorie and the face of an elderly man in a coach window several paces beyond.

"Nothing, only that old duffer in the window seems to take us for a comedy, and that window for his private box."

Marjorie stood on tiptoe but could not see the offender in question, so she merely laughed again and turned to Arnold. "But you wrote me a letter, Floyd?"

For answer he handed her a little cube-shaped box. "I cultivated them for you myself, and today they knew you were coming and bloomed," he said.

"Not violets!" she exclaimed, fairly jumping up and down like a child in a transport of joy. "In August, too—O, Floyd, you are an angel, and I shall wear them here," placing her hand over her heart in a gesture that seemed characteristic of her. "O, it's going to start—Floyd, Teddie—goodbye!"

She gave them each a hand in farewell, Floyd lifted her to the step, and the train groaned, rocked, and started. As it

pulled out, she leaned out to wave, and a tiny square of lace-edged linen fell between them. When the last coach had become a speck in the distance, Floyd Arnold stooped, picked up the little handkerchief which somehow seemed to exhale the breath of violets, and handed it to Ted without a word. The latter took a knife from his pocket, silently cut it in halves, and handing one of the pieces to Arnold with a card, said casually: "That's my club address, old chap, glad to see you any time."

"And this, my den, is always open to you," replied Arnold, as he scratched on a piece of paper which he gave to the newspaper artist. They shook hands, and parted, each with visions of a brown-eyed girl in a gray cloak and a gray hat with violets stacked upon it, a girl who called them Floyd and Teddie and whom—men are honest with themselves—both dreamed of in a home, with this difference: the newspaper man saw a flat; the poet a cottage in a valley with a brook beside it banked with violets.

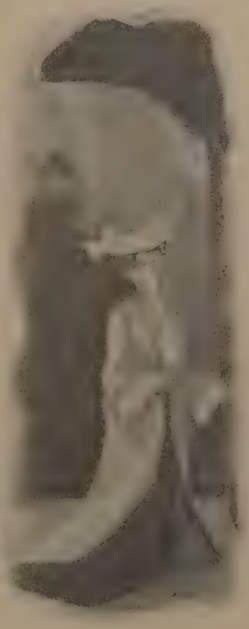
And the girl? She paused a moment to wipe her eyes, then taking her bundles in one arm,, and opening the door with her free hand, she walked to the end of the coach and entered an apartment. Its only occupant was the elderly man who had proved so objectionable to Ted Townley a few minutes since. He looked up at her entrance. "Little girl, are you sure, quite sure, you don't regret, I am so old—"

With a merry laugh, she placed one hand over his mouth, "Dear Father Time, of course I don't regret it. They are dear boys."

"You were very merry together, you three."

"Certainly, dear, but I couldn't have married anyone but you for all the world. They will receive our announcements tomorrow, the ill news will come fast enough—and then—have a chocolate. Thoughtful of Ted to get your favorite, wasn't it?" with another little laugh.

"Now for Floyd's," and she untied it with fingers that trembled slightly. She buried her face in the violets, then having pinned a great bunch over her heart, she gathered those in the bottom of the box together and placed them in "Father Time's" buttonhole. He smiled up at her. "Now go to sleep," she said, lowering the blind to shade his eyes from the afternoon sun. He thanked her and slept.



Marjorie picked up the pieces of Floyd's box and noted for the first time the inscription—"For the soul of summer clouds and spring violets." Her head dropped quickly so that the chin touched the violets on the breast of the gray cloak. Presently she looked up with a quaint half sigh, half tearful smile, drew Ted's candy within reach, opened *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and settled comfortably back in her corner.

On the margin of the first page she scribbled: "Gallahad —Launcelot—Father Time," and just beneath it: "Poetry—Love—Suffering—Noon of my Wedding Day."

DELLA ELOUISE PURCELL.

THE SABINE FARM.

The Sabine Farm on rolling hill-land lies,
Green-gold the undulating fields descend,
Grass-grown and brown the terraced rock-bluffs rise,
Rough ridges with smooth rival slopes contend.

Past duck-white country roads that wind and wend
Through fertile meadows rich in autumn guise,
Where woods and lake and sweeping pastures blend,
The Sabine Farm on rolling hill-land lies.

To wheat stacks blazing under cloudless skies
Cool orchards shady miles of tree-tops lend,
Bright golden-rod with yellow sun-flower vies,
Green-gold the undulating fields descend.

Where cacti in and out wire fingers send
Above the shallow creek that dries and dries,
There stony cliffs the uplands fair defend,
Grass-grown and brown the terraced rock-bluffs rise.

The land delights in contrast and surprise:
Around the little house where maples bend—
No dearer home would peaceful heart desire—
Rough ridges with smooth rival slopes contend.

As on these lovely hills the day-light dies
And burning locusts buzz the sunshine's end.
As shadows gloom the fields I greatly prize,
Oh love with me, whate'er thy name, my friend,
The Sabine Farm.

R. M.

The Base Ball Celebration.

New York State University.

TOM GRISWOLD.....Post Graduate, N. Y. U., '01
HARRY SOUTHWORTH.....N. Y. U., '02
HENRY AIMES, GEORGE FUNK, ARTHUR MAY,
All Members of the Delta Theta Fraternity
SUSIE HASTINGS.....'99, N. Y. U.; '03, Conservatory of Music

ACT I.

Scene—*Griswold and Southworth's room in Chapter House.*
Present—*Griswold, Southworth, Aimes and Funk.*
Time—10:30 P. M.

Southworth: 'Twas on a cold and stormy night, brigands—

Griswold: Ring off. Do you hear! We didn't come here to have you tell us your stale old stories.

South.: Gee, watch the feathers fly! All right, Tom, we'll be good—Everybody be still while the Lord High Post Grad. dispenses his wisdom.

Gris.: Well, fellows, if Delta Theta is to come out ahead on this deal we've got to quit our nonsense and think of some real good stunt and get it off tomorrow night. And you know I've belonged to this old frat. too long to see those blasted "barbs" come out ahead when it comes to running an atheletic celebration.

Funk: And there's sure to be a celebration. Massachusetts has a bum team this year and with Haines in the box we can lick the socks off any team in the east. The geezers beat us last year too, and that makes it all the better for tomorrow night.

Aimes: Well, what's to be done? Who's got an idea?

Funk: An idea, my kingdom for an idea! Yes, I'd give my horse for an idea if I had old Kirk's Plato for tomorrow. If we don't hurrry here I won't even have time to horse it out.

South.: What's the matter with working in Prexie's live stock. That swift new pacer hitched up with the brindle cow would make a good pair. They'd certainly do for openers.

Gris.: Does anyone know how we can get at 'em? Prex is too sharp to have anything around that isn't well guarded.

Aimes: Where does his man sleep? Does he stay in the barn?

Funk: No, he lives at home, right down this street. It's old Mike who ran our furnace last winter. And I'll bet I can work Mike for the keys. I know the old boy, just leave that to me.

Gris.: All right, but be sure you get them. We've got to get into that barn if we tear the roof off to do it.

Aimes: And have you seen that swell new runabout that Dean Boswell has had for a few days? While we're in the faculty stables let's finish the job up and give Boswell a turn. Hitch Prexie's cow to the new runabout and get an old cart for his pacer and we'll have starters at least.

Funk: Come on, Henry. We'll go and see what the prospects are for making the raise. We'll be property men and let these stage directors work up the setting while we are gone. Get a hike on you.

(Exeunt Funk and Aimes.)

South.: I hope they can get them. Nobody has had hold of any faculty property since 'oo got called down so hard, and it will make a great uproar if we take Cap. Raymond to the bonfire at the head of such a procession.

Gris.: Right you are! Now let's plan just how it's to be done. I suppose we'll have to fix it up so the co-eds can have a look. Tomorrow is calling night but of course they can't leave the halls. The old place in front of Stone Hall it will have to be, I suppose.

South.: We'll get the stuff down here right after supper if they can get the keys, and get it all ready by seven-thirty while some one goes around and picks the team up on a drag. There's nothing like having the captain in your frat.; they'll all have to go with us if he says so. By the way, you and Fred will have to ride in the first rig just to let them know whose stunt it is. Everyone knows you're a Delta Theta and anyway you're president.

Gris.: I'm sorry Harry, but I can't do it. I've got a date. I'll have to resign to my vice-president this time. You'll have to do it.

South.: How's this? I thought you'd sworn yourself strictly to single blessedness for the rest of your college days. I wonder who it is, but I suppose you won't tell. But say, you ought to have seen my fairy today. She looked sweeter than ever.

Gris.: Harry, I wish you would quit spending all your time with Miss Hastings. Look at the marks you got on your mid-year exams. If you keep it up you'll flunk that Philosophy and you haven't got any extra credit so that you can afford to flunk a five hour course the last semester. And you know what would happen if you didn't graduate: your mother would never get over it.

South.: Yes, I know, Tom. But, darn it all, I'll get through, I've got to, that's all. Uncle Ned will never give me that job if I don't. But I got a good mark today.

Gris.: Yes, because she was out of town yesterday, but I'll bet you haven't got your lessons for tomorrow. With your work on the Daily and that inter-collegiate debate you haven't a minute to waste and yet you loaf around with her by the hour. I don't see what you find so attractive about her, anyway!

South.: Don't preach any more. This won't get my lessons.

Gris.: The fellows will be back before you could get through looking at her picture and started to studying anyhow, and I will preach. This has got to stop and if preaching won't do it I'll find something else that will. Your mother expects me to take care of you. It's a blamed poor job I'm doing of it this year. You've gone through your first three years without any need of a guardian angel. You haven't had a single case on your hands as far as I know and now in your senior year when you ought to know better, you get mixed up with Sue Hastings. She doesn't care for you, Harry. She's had half a dozen fellows on her string since I've been here and you know several yourself. She's older than you. She graduated from the college and is nearly through the Con. now, I guess, isn't she? She's only here for a good time and it's at your expense she is having it just now. I've heard that she is engaged to Hardy, '99, and I believe it's so. She was different with him, than she has been with the other fellows. And he's just the kind that wouldn't give a darn what she did as long as he was sure she would wait for him.

South.: Oh, blame it, I'm not getting in so deep I can't pull out. I'll

quit the women pretty soon and go to work, but it's all bosh about her being engaged.

(Enter Aimes and Funk.)

Gris.: Well, how about it?

Funk: All O. K. We saw Mike and he wouldn't give us the key, but he said, with that broad Irish smile of his, that he sometimes left the west window unlocked. Then we went down to Boswell's and he doesn't even lock his barn, so we're all right.

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

Scene—Steps of Stone Hall.

Time—7:45.

(Enter from top of steps, descending and taking a seat in the shadow at one side Miss Hastings and Tom G.)

Miss H.: Oh! there's a fire! What can be going on? Are they going to celebrate our victory of this afternoon?

Gris.: Yes, and with a vengeance, too.

Miss H.: Oh, I'm so glad you came. You can tell me all about it. It was so good of you to come when all the fun is going on. Oh, what a rig. Isn't that President Tenney's horse? And, oh! The cow! What is it? Some fraternity prank?

Gris.: Yes, Delta Theta got it up. There's the captain in the first rig and the manager and coach in the second. The rest of the team are in the drag there. They are doing it up brown. That's Dean Boswell's runabout they have the cow hitched to!

Miss H.: Why, that's Mr. Southworth in the first cart with the captain isn't it? Do you know him? He is a regular little boy. To know him you would never think he was a senior.

Gris.: It seems to me you have a good deal to do with him for a fellow you consider only a boy.

Miss H.: He does hang around me more than I like to have him but it is hard to get rid of him. Then he is so easily worked and it is nice to have some one to take your places and send flowers and candy. And I'm satisfied if I have a good time. Oh, what are they doing now?

Gris.: Just bringing up the tar barrel. We'll have quite a blaze when they put that on, but it won't come right away. They have the speeches first. It is too bad that you have to be contented with a boy for a friend. Now, I—(conversation drowned for several minutes. Actions take place that are quite unseemly in a P. G. Bright light suddenly throws couple into bold relief. Grisowldd's arm around her waist and her hand in his. Cries of "What's the matter with Tom Griswold and Miss Hastings? They're all right," etc.)

Miss H.: Oh! Mr. Griswold.

Gris.: Don't you care. They've put the tar on and it will burn forever and a day, but we've got to sit it out and face the music. They will soon forget us.

Miss H.: Mercy, it is dreadful to get caught in such a position and I am sure Mr. Southworth saw us, he was looking right this way. Well, there are others. This isn't the first time an accident has queered me. But to have it happen where everybody could see.

Gris.: I suppose I should be sorry if I have caused you to lose an admirer but you can't blame me. I became so enraptured in our conversation et cetera, that I forgot all about the tar barrel and our exposed position. Ah! they are through speaking. They are going up past Prexie's now.

Miss H.: That isn't the way they usually go. How do you happen to know all about it? I thought they kept these things secret.

Gris.: Oh, I belong to Delta Theta and heard it planned.

Miss H.: Delta Theta? You aren't the Mr. Griswold that Mr. Southworth rooms with!

Gris.: The same, at your service.

Miss H.: Why, I have always thought of you as the green little freshman I met at the junior-freshman reception in '97, I guess it was, and he spoke of his room-mate as a dignified old Post Grad.

Gris.: Not extremely complimentary, either of you, I must say.

Miss H.: Dear me, I didn't mean that, only I haven't seen anything of you since, you know. Really must you go, Mr. Griswold? I hope you haven't taken offense at what I have said. And don't you think that you could explain to Mr. Southworth?

Gris.: I'll try explain to Harry and what's more I think we have proven to him just how much you care for him. And unless he's a bigger fool than I ever took him for he'll drop you and go to work. Good night. I have had a very pleasant evening. (Exit.)

Miss H.: The brute! And he did it all in cold blood just to queer me with his darling room-mate. Well, it certainly worked. I've had enough of this. I think I had better leave before they fire me and I believe they would if they got onto this. Then Ed wants to get married. Mrs. Dr. Ed Hardy, that's better than staying to graduate from the Con. But it has been great fun and I don't believe one of the fellows ever knew I was engaged. I guess it's time to quit though before I get into worse trouble. (Exit up steps.)

(Curtain.)

ACT III.

Scene—As in Act I.

Time—Twenty-four hours later than in Act I.

(Enter Griswold, Aimes, Funk, May and several other fellows. All in old clothes but Griswold.)

May: Well, it was a great success, fellows. The committee deserves the praise of the whole frat. Hurrah for old Delta Theta!

Funk: It's too bad you weren't out at Prexie's, Tom. It was great sport. Old Prex was raving mad, came out in his slippers and dressing gown, with his silk tile on his head. That brought down the house and when he held up his hand to get the crowd quiet he dropped the book he was carrying under his arm on his toes and everybody roared, gave the yell for "Prexie's stove-pipe" and had a good time. I guess the dean was just about as hot but he didn't dare come out. You know we'll hear from it tomorrow, but we'll have the whole school behind us so they can't do much. But say, that was a great sideshow you gave us at the Hall, Tom. It certainly was a surprise; on both sides, I guess.

Aimes: I was standing right by Harry when they put the barrel on and it pretty nearly took him off his feet when he saw you. He turned nineteen different colors and then lost all color. He started to swear but couldn't say

a word and sneaked right off down street. We haven't seen him since. How did it happen, old man?

Funk: Has she got you hooked, too? I've known her to have two at a time before now, but never room-mates before. 'Fess up, old boy. How was it?

Harry (entering): That's why you couldn't go to the celebration is it? You're a slob, Tom Griswold. Good bye. I'll send for my things tomorrow. Fellows, I'm sorry to leave the house but I'll come back when I can room with a gentleman.

Gris.: Hold on, Harry, let me explain. You know I didn't mean—

South.: I don't care what you meant but I saw what you did. Explain? You can explain it to each other. I'll have nothing more to do with either of you. Explain to the door when I have gone. (Exit, slamming the door.)

Gris.: It's hard lines to have a man's best friend call him names like that, but I'm glad it's over. I did it all for his sake. It's saved him and I can be happy even if he doesn't ever speak to me again. You see how it was, don't you, fellows? I knew she wasn't worth the time he was wasting on her and tried to tell him so, but he wouldn't listen, so I undertook to prove it. Gosh, she's easier than I ever would have thought a girl could be. She's got good sense, though, if she wants to use it and she certainly can talk and I see where she got Harry to thinking she was just about right. She can be just what she thinks a fellow wants her to be and puts up a "speel" to suit. I gave her the softest jolly I could put up. I didn't know how I could shine there, never having tried it before, you see. Well, it "fetched" her in about three shakes, with the bonfire episode happening in at just the right time. It's pretty bad on a fellow to have it come off before the whole school, co-eds and all, but I can bear it if it's going to pass Harry in his year's work and put him to digging on that debate.

Aimes: Put her here, old man. That's better than a "Duchess" for noble sacrifice and dramatic effects.

May: If the whole push of us had as much love for each other as you have shown, Tom, Delta Theta would mean a lot more than it does.

Funk: Fellows, let's give a yell for Tom. One, two, three,

All:

Who are, Who are, Who are we?
New York, New York, New York-e-e
Uni-Uni-versi-te-e-e.
Griswold.

Gris.: Thank you, fellows, thank you. I am glad you think I have done right and I only hope Harry will see it that way. I believe he will, too, when he has cooled off a little. Of course it was mighty hard on him when everyone knew he had been rushing her all winter. I was glad the fellows didn't rub it in any worse by yelling for him. Tell him, when you get a chance, why I did it and I'm sure it will all turn out for the best. Here, let's have something. Here's the stuff. Open up that bottle of wine, Henry, and let's warm up and then turn in. Everybody get a hand in and we'll drink to the success of Delta Theta's latest stunt.

All: And to Tom Griswold's. May such friendship be ever present in the old frat.

South. (entering): Forgive me, Tom. You were right. I see it all. (Picking up a glass.) Here's to the best fellow in the University.

(All drink. Curtain.)

PRIZE TRANSLATION.

Anacreontea.

ONE night the Wagoner had turned
The wain across the sky, and o'er
The earth man lay in slumber earned
By toil, when Love stopped at my door
And tried the bolt. "Who knocks?" I cried,
"Thou drivest thus my dreams away."
" 'Tis but a babe"—then Love replied,
"Fear not, and open now, I pray,
The door for I am drenched; the night
Is dark,—I've wandered far."
And when
I heard I pitied him. A light
I kindled, let him in, and then
A babe with quiver and a bow
I saw, and he had wings. Beside
The fire I made him sit and so
With rubbing then his hands I tried
To warm them in my own. The storm
Had left the water in his hair
A-drip—I squeezed it dry. When warm
He was at length, with sitting there
He said: "Come, let us try my bow—
Perchance the wet has hurt the string."
He drew and let the arrow go
Right to my breast with piercing sting
And cried: "Come, friend, rejoice with me;
My bow is still unharmed by rain,
But thou art hurt"— he danced with glee
And laughed: "Thy heart shall know the pain."

—*Margery Strong.*

LIST OF PRIZES.

The prize of ten dollars, offered for the best story, was awarded, "Through a Glass Darkly," by Ruth Mosher, '04.

The prize of ten dollars, offered for the best poem, was awarded the collection of three poems, "Lines to President Fairchild," "Lines to Professor Burroughs," and "Lines to Professor Rice," by Paul L. Corbin, '03, O. T. S.

The prize of ten dollars, offered for the best farce, was awarded, "The Rhime of the Ancient Amazons," by Mary E. Ryder, '03.

The prize of ten dollars, offered for the best collection of illustrated jokes, was awarded to Ellen S. Belden, '03.

The prize of ten dollars, offered for the best full-page art drawing, was awarded "A Miniature," by Jeanne F. Payne.

The prize of ten dollars, offered for the best collection of amateur photographs, was awarded to Mr. Adkins.

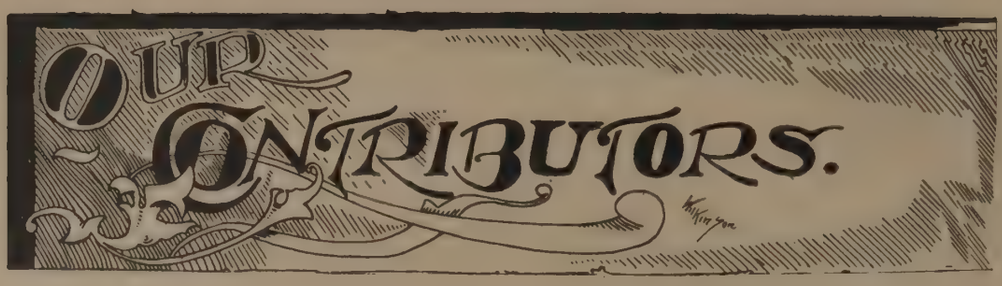
The prize of five dollars, offered for the best collection of jokes, was awarded to Mary Rudd Cochran, '03.

The prize of five dollars, offered for the best drawing for a class-heading, was awarded "The Senior Class Heading," by Katherine E. Chandler.

The prize of five dollars, offered for the best metrical translation, was awarded the lines from the Anacreontea, by Margery Strong.

No historical sketch being handed in, the prize was returned to the donor.

We were able to offer the above prizes through the kindness of our friends, James Petit, Chicago; Paul D. Cravath, New York; President Barrows, Professor Martin, Mrs. Johnston, Professor Wager, Miss Luce, Professor Grover and Mrs. E. W. R. Lord.



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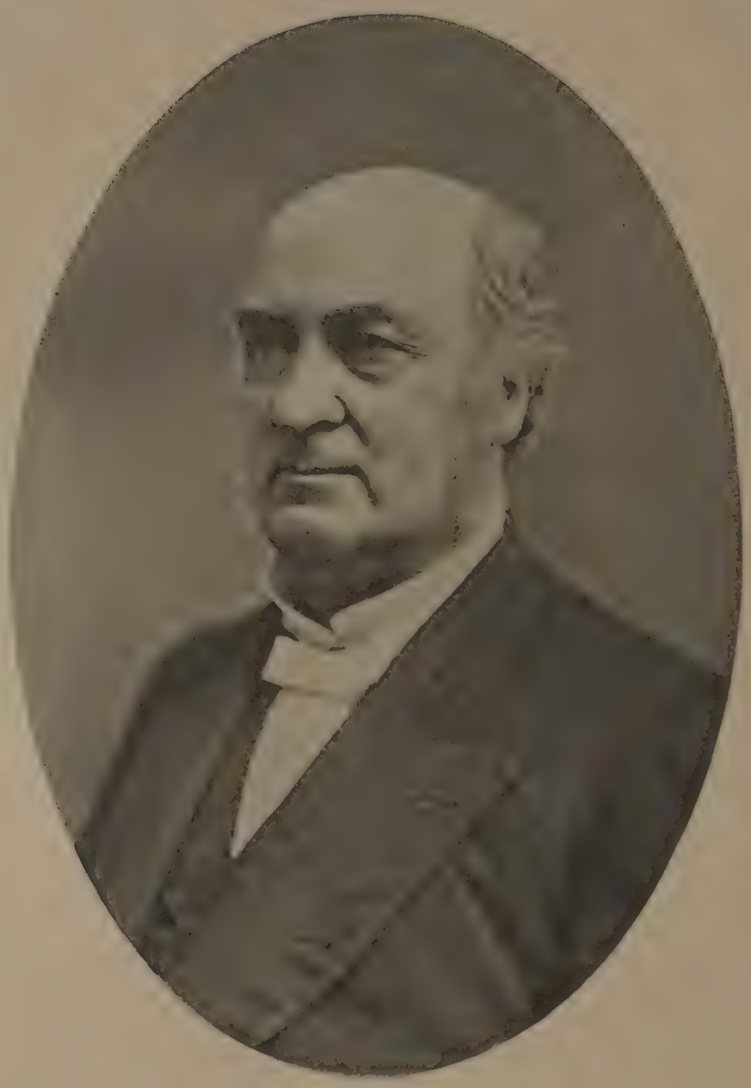
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*Deceased, March 18, 1902.
†Elected by the Alumni.
‡Alumnus.

In Memoriam



PRESIDENT JAMES H. FAIRCHILD, D.D., LL.D.

A Sketch by President John Henry Barrows.

"IF Charles G. Finney had not lived and labored, Oberlin could not have existed." Thus said President Fairchild in his memorial sermon June 30, 1876. We may now add that if James H. Fairchild had not lived and labored, Oberlin would not have been what it was and is. No other life is so completely identified with the history of the College. He is not only the last of the great pioneers, but the wise master-builder of this academic structure. As one names over those who have been the powerful friends and leaders of Oberlin, he realizes very clearly that among all these a peculiar and preeminent place belongs to President Fairchild.

He came to Oberlin in 1834, a boy of sixteen, only a year after the first settlement here, and before Finney and Mahan had set foot in the town. He died in his eighty-fifth year, revered and beloved by the College and the community with a reverence and love that are rarely given to any one. He was of New England parentage, born in the beautiful town of Stockbridge, made famous by the distinguished Field and Hopkins families. He was brought by his parents to Brownhelm when only one year of age. As a boy he walked to the classical school a half a mile away from his father's house; he began Latin at the age of thirteen, and for two years studied in the Elyria High School. When he entered Oberlin in 1834, it was without the slightest anticipation that his was to be the great life in the history of the College.

Young Fairchild worked his way through Oberlin College, paying his tuition by toiling in a saw-mill four hours a day for five cents an hour. He entered the seminary under the tuition of Finney, Morgan and Cowles. While a student he taught the freshman classes in Latin and Greek, and became instructor in Hebrew. He occupied the Chair of Languages from 1842 until 1847; the Chair of Mathematics from 1847 to 1858; and the Chair of Theology and Moral Philosophy for more than forty years. He was President of Oberlin from 1866 until 1889, and then resigned, though continuing his instruction in ethics and theology several years longer.

His qualifications for the College presidency were almost ideal. With his wide knowledge in several great departments; with his love of clear thinking; with his invariable refinement; with his patience and willingness to wait; with his disposition to do justice to all sides of a complex question; he made an ideal administrator in a period of change.

Dr. Lucien C. Warner writes: "He is the best instructor that I ever had." Ex-President W. G. Ballantine, who was associated with him for

eighteen years, has said: "He was the ablest thinker with whom I ever came in contact, indisputably the greatest moral philosopher and theologian that America has produced. Such mental power could not fail to excite admiration. But what drew out unbounded love was the wonderful combination of graces in his heart. He was so simple, so modest, so noble, so courageous, so patient, so full of humor, so free from sarcasm, so companionable, yet so exalted in all his motives; so serious, and yet so free from cant; so free, too, from the least taint of selfishness and vain-glory; so genuine and natural in all things."

President Fairchild believed that whatever the changes inevitable to growth, this College should remain "an aggressive force for righteousness in the sphere of Christian education." Righteousness with him was diffused with the light of love. The beauty of holiness was ever shining in his face. Such a life as his connects our earthly landscape with the sky. His world was that of the spirit. Outward things were not contemmed, but they seemed utterly subordinate. We feel in him the dignity of "plain living and high thinking." From the passing days he took not their poorest, but their best gifts; not a few "herbs and apples," but the stars and kingdoms of the soul, and the sky which holds them all. We are deeply thankful for the career of him whose simple manhood is the chief glory of a College founded not upon money, but upon God.

LINES TO PRESIDENT FAIRCHILD.

As in the dim and leafy forest aisles
One walks through solemn rows of lofty oaks
And gets but glimpses of cerulean sky,
While all around the sombre shadows lie,
So walked this servant in his quiet way,
Apart from clang and clamor of the world;
Content to fashion for a little while
The lives that came beneath his kindly smile;
Nor dreamed of tiring of the commonplace,
Nor growing restive 'neath the daily round
Of lowly service. He but greater grew
The more of calm his tranquil spirit knew;
And, since he had his vision of clear sky,
Thanked God for toil, and counted duty high.

PAUL LEATON CORBIN.



DR. GEORGE STOCKTON BURROUGHS.

By Paul Leaton Corbin.

IN the Christian view death is but a temporary interruption of life's activities. When the change has taken place and the field of limitless achievement opens before the liberated soul the conditions of the true heaven are fulfilled. Infinite achievement and measureless friendship—than these heaven can sound no stronger appeal to all that is best in human character.

Such reflections can alone reconcile us to a bereavement like that which came when Professor Burroughs passed away. He was only forty-six, in what men call the prime of life. Friendship, influence, opportunity for broadest service, all that make life worth the living, save health, were his. But after months of patient suffering there came release from pain and the abundant entrance into the joyous activities of a higher life.

George Stockton Burroughs was born in Waterloo, N. Y., January 6, 1855. He took his college and seminary course in Princeton, receiving his B. D. in 1877. Princeton gave him the doctorate of philosophy in 1884 and that of divinity in 1886. Marietta College bestowed the L. L. D. degree in 1893. Dr. Burroughs held pastorates in Pennsylvania and Connecticut before becoming college preacher at Amherst. Subsequent service was given

as president of Wabash College and as professor of the Old Testament Language and Literature in Oberlin Seminary.

In him were combined rarest gifts of scholarship, winsome social qualities, and a radiant spiritual life. In his brief residence of two years in Oberlin he became a beloved and useful citizen. His scholarly gifts were just winning appreciation. His friendliness, amounting to positive genius, was drawing all hearts toward himself. His death on October 22, 1901, brought keenly home to us how much we loved him and would miss his genial presence.

And, though his voice is hushed in the school where last he spoke, men of prayer will long remember as the lesson of that brief life,

"He prayeth best who loveth most
All things both great and small."

LINES TO PROFESSOR BURROUGHS.

Hast seen in some clear, placid forest pool
The mirrored picture of the summer noon,
The beaming sun, the tall and trembling pine,
The dusky shadow of the mountain's crest?
So in his life's serene and even flow
Were imaged beauties of the heavenly dome,
O'erarching hand of God besprent with love,
And set with suns of courage and of truth.
Nay more, not only images we saw,
But, as the ebbing tide's resistless wave
Bears weighty treasures from the sanded shore,
The current of his life bore gifts its own.
And all who looked upon his smiling face
Were moved by visions of supernal grace.

PAUL LEATON CORBIN.



PROFESSOR FENELON B. RICE.

By Professor George W. Andrews.

PROFESSOR FENELON B. RICE was one of the commanding figures in the life of Oberlin, and for more than thirty years his powerful personality exerted an extraordinary influence upon the entire life of both College and community. Nature enriched him with large capacities in the gifts of a robust constitution, a comprehensive and well balanced mind, and above all with the conception of an exalted service through musical art, profoundly needed by the American public.

The visions of the threshold, expanded little by little through that wise direction and unwearying perseverance, so distinctive in him whose memory we revere, have at last culminated in the magnificent temple of completed labor, which this fruitful life presents to every beholder. It may be questioned whether any other American of his generation has done so much for the cause of sound musical education as did our honored and lamented friend. The great multitudes whose musical life was born and nourished by him do not yet fully comprehend what an unspeakable blessing it was that this life came from a source so strong and so wholesome.

The musical atmosphere of Oberlin has been, and is, pure and life giving; those who have breathed it have grown into something better than sentimentalists, and have gone out to create like conditions in other places. Thus has been scattered far and wide the good seed sown in what may appear to have been a humble spot.

Few men in any of the activities of life are privileged to make a deeper and wider mark for good upon the young people of their day. We would not in this place speak at length of the more intimate and personal relationships of the departed. One so strong, so faithful, so wise, so worthy of highest confidence, could not fail to be of largest use to his fellow men, and this he was in many directions and to an extent truly remarkable. He sincerely loved young people, winning and holding their confidence. As for his personal friends they are bound to him forever by the golden chains of unnumbered acts of self-sacrificing goodness of which they were the almost daily recipients.

These words do but scantiest justice to one who was in large measure one of the makers of Oberlin. His work is completed and we are not to seek to repeat it, for all duty and opportunity points forward; but we may well strive with deepest earnestness to possess and use those permanent qualities of noble Christian manhood which distinguished the life and labor of Professor Fenelon B. Rice in Oberlin College and community.

LINES TO PROFESSOR RICE.

Hushed is the voice, and still the guiding hand,
That led the chorus in melodious strains.
Like ceaseless sobbings of the beating surge
There swells the unsung music of his dirge,
Rising from youthful hearts by thousands told
Who came beneath this master's magic spell.
They felt the impulse to diviner things,
The frequent heritage of him who sings.
Such discord in this sinful world prevails,
To souls like his emancipation comes,
When loosed from fetters of our place and time,
Set free to hear the harmonies sublime,
And, given greater boon, through ages long
To join the chorus in the angel song.

PAUL LEATON CORBIN.



CHARLES H. A. WAGER, Ph. D.,
Professor of English.

ERNEST LUDLOW BOGART, Ph. D.,
Associate Professor of Economics and Sociology.

MISS ALICE H. LUCE, Ph. D.,
Dean of Women's Department.

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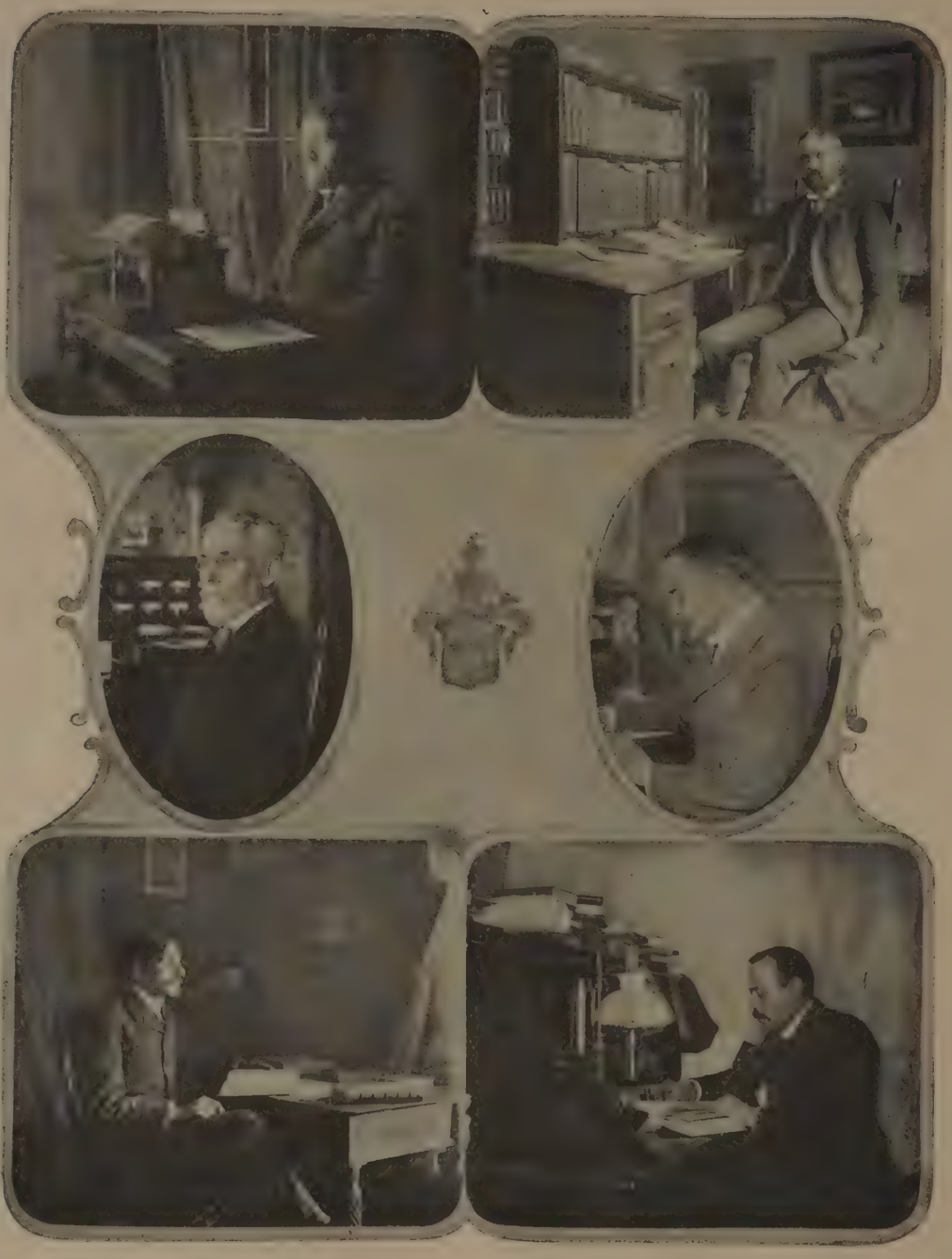
MISS EVA MAY OAKES,
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Assistant Registrar.

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Teacher in Women's Gymnasium.

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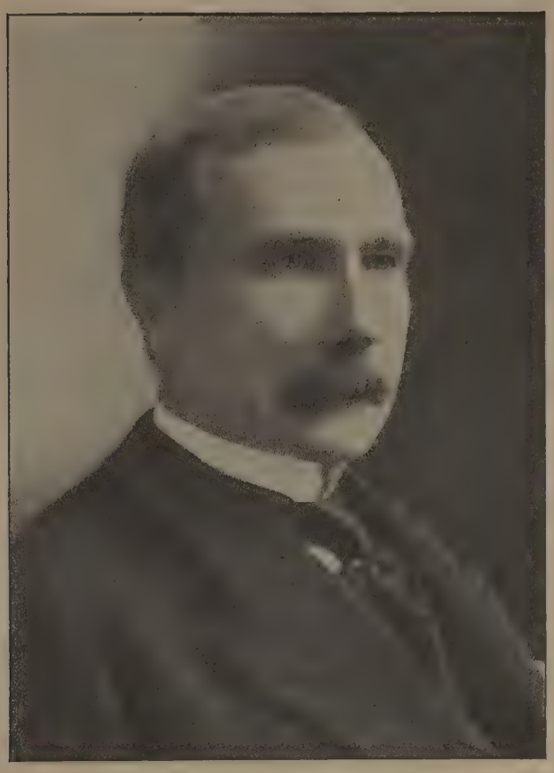
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LYNDS JONES, S. M.,
Instructor in Zoology.

FREDERICK ANDEREGG, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

THREE OF OBERLIN'S DONORS



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.



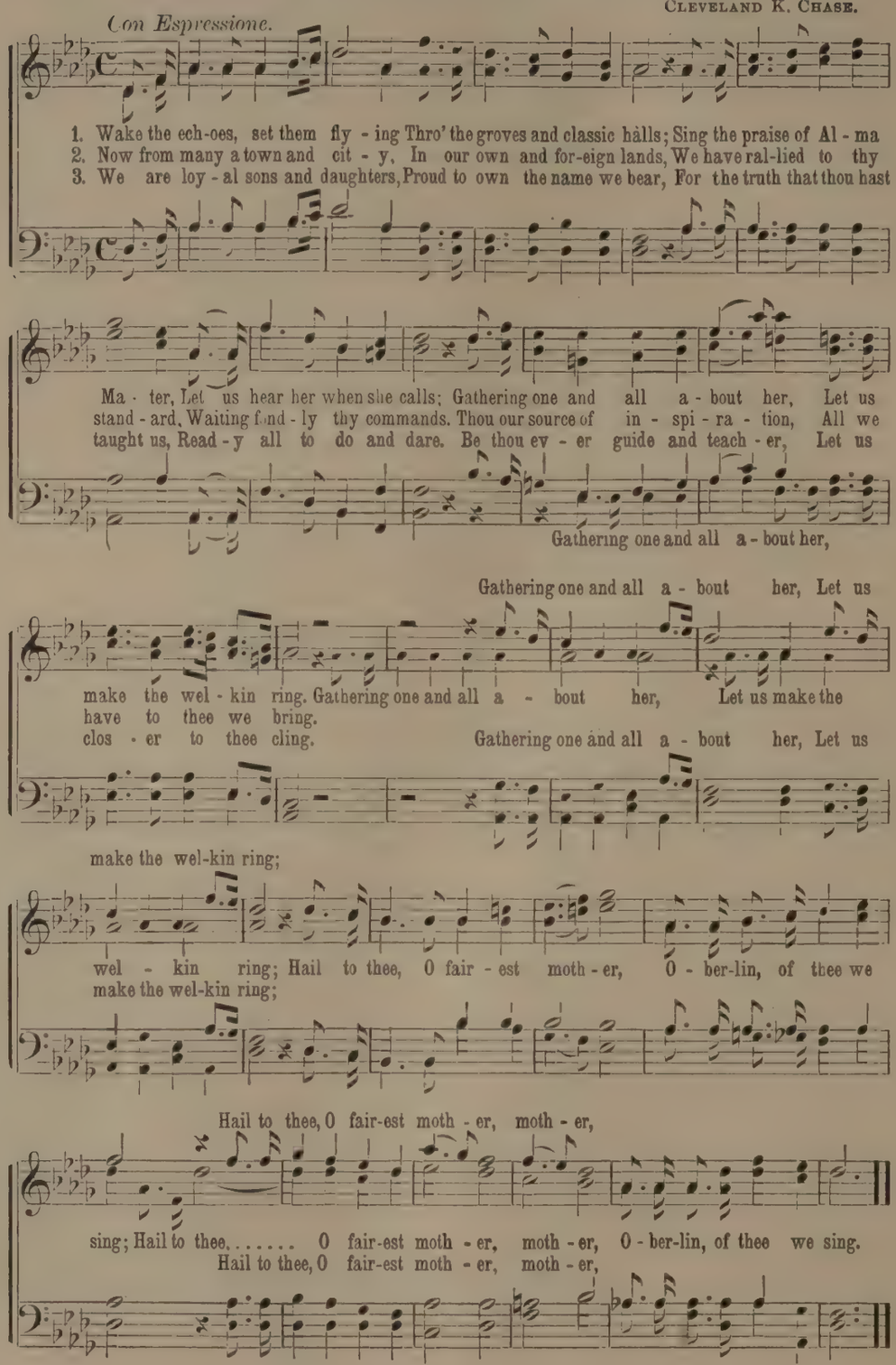
LOUIS H. SEVERANCE



LUCIEN C. WARNER.

OBERLIN REUNION SONG. (1900.)

CLEVELAND K. CHASE.





HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

PROF. W. G. CASKEY,
MRS. W. G. CASKEY,
PROF. F. F. JEWETT,
MRS. F. F. JEWETT,
PROF. F. O. GROVER,
GEORGE M. JONES.

CLASS OFFICERS.

ALBERT R. BROWN.....President
ETHEL M. WILSON.....Vice-president
MARGERY STRONG.....Secretary
JOHN D. RHOADES.....Treasurer
ROSEMARY BUTTON.....Assistant Treasurer

Motto: The End Crowns the Work.

The Senior Class.

Jane Austin: If aught lies in illustrious name,
Thou hast an easy path to fame.

Robert Logan Baird, of Creston, O., is of great value to the class because he furnishes extra dignity enough to offset Bill Fraser's lack.

Ellen Birdseye: Nut brown maid,
Thou hast a winning way.

Clarence W. Balke is more grateful than any other man in school for Mr. Severance's gift of a chemical laboratory, for it gives him a much better place to live than was the old one. The home of his youth was Auburn, no doubt the loveliest village of the plain.

Iva Brown: She hath the pen of a ready writer.

Clarence Davis Bradley was discovered some years ago trying to buck his way through a barn door. This interested the authorities who tamed him and sent him here to school, where he fulfilled expectations by bucking his way through several of Oberlin's opposing foot-ball teams.

Mabel Burr: A voice like liquid water running deep.

A. Raffles Brown is one of the original "three old sports," for he hails from Tacoma, Washington. He is noted for his lack of ability to make good jokes, and is known to have a good supply of the best ideas on how to run a college.

Rosemary Button: The sunlight shines from out her face,
The sunshine from her hair.

Wellington, Ohio, produced Carpenter—Merton Leroy Carpenter, the noted monologist. True it is his monologues savor of the farm, but they are monologues, and therefore, necessarily funny.

Alice Charles: To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

Howard D. Chandler was Cleveland's loss, but our gain, and it is not hard to guess which way the ill wind was blowing when the transfer was made. Howard makes an occasional excursion into poetic fields but is appropriately modest about it.

Georgia Carrothers: A creation not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.

Robert Fry Clark of Port Elgin, Ontario, came to us this year as an experiment, but has as yet done nothing to show that he should not stay, so we are glad he came.

Helen Chute: A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded;
A rose with all its sweetest leaves unfolded.

Ivan Crawford happened in Port Jervis, N. Y., some twenty odd years ago, and Oberlin long ago undertook to teach him something. The Conservatory has had the greatest influence upon him, for where Ivan shines most brightly is in playing the bass drum in the College Band.

Florence Crocker: A brilliant mind,
A manner kind.

Charles B. Eells, the sad man from Albion, Indiana, is noted chiefly for his unobtrusive piety. Charlie has not decided definitely on his life work, but thinks seriously of going as a missionary to the wilds of the Hoosier State.

Clara Darst: Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

E. E. Fennell, the smiling man from Margarettsville, N. C., came to us this year from Baltimore College. Fennell is a student exclusively.

Esther Dodge: A quiet lass; there are but few
Who know the treasures hid in you.

It was with a sigh that three years ago Cornell gave up to us William Morrison Fraser. We are now about to cast him upon the world and do it in the hope that he will not land too heavily.

Nora Eade: Bright and witty in her mind,
And her heart is gently kind.

Amplias Harter Glenn, common name "Amp," has never been seen in a hurry. It is this sedateness that gives him his overpowering air of dignity.

Mary Edwards: A foot more light, a step more true
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.

Frances Fowler: A kindly, quiet spirit
Where malice finds no home.

Myra Godfrey: Lithe as a willow,
Slender as a reed.

Glenna Hostetter: She is kind as she is fair;
For beauty dwells with kindness.

Leonard Delos Goodenough is a Johannesburgh product, and by the name, Johannesburgh is satisfied with the product. The time he spent at Boston Tech. may have had a deteriorating influence.

William J. Gorse, the noted authority on all things athletic, gives his address as Oberlin. This is probably to avoid the inconvenience of going home for vacations.

Helen Hough: If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.

Charles B. Harwood, of Wattsburg, Pa., jumped into the freshman class four years ago without making a very big splash. He has grown wonderfully in every way since then, and showed his real ability by playing on the senior basket-ball team last winter.

Cecil Johnson: Dignity.

C. A. Haskett is a reformed theologue who decided to go through college with 1902. But such association has driven him back to his first love, and he now hopes to take up a pastorate.

Iris Johnson: Impudence.

Fred Milton Hatch, the pet of his class and pride of the faculty, famous as a student and noted as an athlete, hails from Creston, Iowa. Creston is not ready to reclaim property now that Oberlin is through with him, so Hatch is planning to go to work at what he thinks people don't want him to do.

Edna Kleinsmid: Her stature tall. I hate a dumpy woman.

Alfred Tyler Hemingway is our only member from Oak Park. Of course he is the only in several other ways, but it is in this case that the greatest responsibility rests upon him in maintaining Oak Park's prestige in Oberlin.

Gail Lowry: A maiden she, bright-eyed and quick of tongue.

Fort Dodge, Iowa, sent us Roy Vernon Hill, and if Fort Dodge has any more like him they may send them along, for that's the kind we like. More remarks would be superfluous.

Margaret Merrill, Laura Merrill:
Were ever seen two such as these,
Like as two eggs, or yet two peas.

James Judge Jewett comes from a place called Cadiz. Jim says it is in Ohio, but it can't be found on the map. However, it is good to think of Jim as coming from some place, for it is hard to know where he is going.

Minnie Munger: As quiet as a mouse is she,
As yet no trap has caught her.
Pray Heaven such untimely Fate
Seize not this mother's daughter.

Richard M. Jones came from Allegheny, and Allegheny did a very good job on him. Of course he answers to "Dick" and Wesern Reserve can't forget how he runs punts back.

Clara Partridge: Call not thou my lady pale
But call my lady fair.

Beatty LeRoy Laird, of Freeport, Illinois, got up half an hour too late on the first morning of his freshman year and has not quite caught up yet. He hopes now to be reaching for his diploma soon after the rest of the boys, if no one interrupts him.

Maude Porter: I chatter, chatter as I go,
To you the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Mabel Price: Short, sweet and saucy.

Stanley Centennial Livingston, of Sidney, Ohio, is just about that old, and very handsome. Stanley has been known to do a little singing occasionally, but his long suit is leading gypsy orchestras.

Nellie Robinson: Majestic as a ship with all sails spread.

Alice Sayre: A maiden of this century, yet most meek.

Frederick Ludwig Hermann von Lubken, Bremerhaven, Germany. Ach Donnerwetter! Was für ein Mann ist das?

Mabel Southworth: Still waters run deep.

Inez Stebbins: Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax;
Her cheeks like the dawn of day.

Oliver Joseph Luethi escaped from Gnadenhütten last fall and came here to finish his college course. Oliver doesn't know whether he dares to go back to the place or not as he has forgotten how to pronounce it.

Mary Stickel: To know her is to love her,
To name her is to praise.

Margery Strong: She rivals all but Shakespeare's name below,
We'd fear her if we did not love her so.

Albert Wilson Monosmith, of Corning, Iowa, is one of the charter members of the Shylock Association and has always shown a deep interest in the association's work. He has, besides, a slight leaning toward foot-ball.

Helen Sweet: Sweets to the sweet.

Florence Westlake: Thy hair is black,
Thy cheeks are red;
May heaven shower blessings
On thy head.

Jitsumaro Okada hails from Jogé, Bingo, Japan, wherever that may be, and has covered himself with glory in his two years here by conducting Professor Bogart's Economic classes.

George Arthur Phillips, *alias* Camille, of Chardon, Ohio, combines the appearance of gravity and of innocent youth. But let no man be deceived thereby, for it is rumored that Camille learned his oriental dancing by filling summer engagements with Elk's carnivals.

Arabell White: Full many friendships
Has this maid begun,
Of ladies many,
But of men—but one.

William Henry Pritchard, of Kane, Pa., is a handsome little knave who has shown that he can be one of the star actors of the class in more ways than one. Bill is hesitating between two or three snap jobs for next year, but is still waiting for something to turn up.

Harold Bushnell Reed's home is in Oberlin, and the reason that he is famous is that he is a brother of the notorious Dudley Reed. It is acknowledged though, that he has talents of his own, and he appeared several times on the lecture platform this year without being mobbed.

John Dickinson Rhoades, of Toledo, *alias* "Dusty," is sorry for two reasons: first, because he is class treasurer, and second, because he was not mentioned in Cecil's will.

Willoughby, Ohio, claims fame for having produced Ellwyn Clare Roberts, and the fame should be theirs, for no other town could have done it. Even Willoughby has rested ever since.

Ethel Wilson: Lovely is dawn, but can't compare
With Ethel's head of sun-kissed hair.

"Bud" Robinson, officially known as Merton Paul, lives right here in Oberlin. This gives him the advantage of not having to hurry to dinner after chapel. "Bud" is a No. 1 backstop and hits the ball hard.

Orrville Carfield Sanborn, the boy wonder of Chenoa, Ill., is billed to set the world on fire some day. Just how he will do it is not said, but he is sure to find a way.

Ellen Wright: Oh, Pshaw!

James Emmett Sebree, of Albion, Ill., is just completing his second year with the class, and uneventful years they have been. James Emmett is never moved by act and so seldom by thought that his life must be one ceaseless rest.

Germantown, Ohio, claims Everett W. Shank, the silent man, and it is hard for Oberlin to give him up—harder, perhaps, than for him to give up Oberlin. "Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after."

Helen Wright: Would the little woman be half so great
If she were six feet tall?

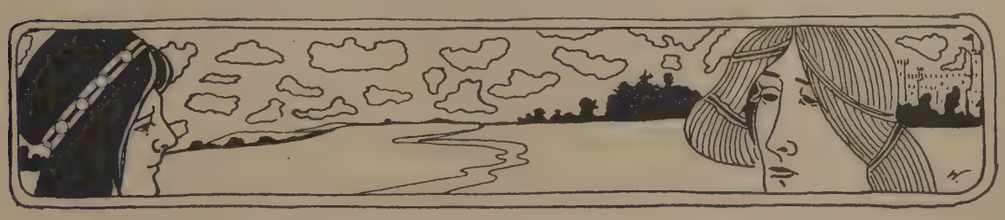
Milton Cooper Smith, of Chardon, Geauga Co., Ohio, and Moorehead, Mississippi, is one of the most versatile members of the class. For three years he played a star game in left field on his class base-ball team. A year ago he took up golf, and learned the language so rapidly that in a short two months he could swear as well as Bill Mosher in his prime. His remarkably rich baritone made him a star in the minstrel company in their famous one night stand at Baldwin. He was elected spade orator by his class but will not appear unless he can produce the spade.

Howard Josiah Strong is one of our New England exhibits. He lives at Greenwich, Connecticut, and is best known as the son of his father, whose name was made in the first inter-society debate.

Mabel Wright: And spite of pride
In erring reason's spite
One truth is clear,
This maiden is all *Wright.*

Henry Chester Tracy comes all the way from Marsovan, Turkey in Asia, just to get a taste of Oberlin life. He pursues his way so far from the maddening crowd that he is little seen but in the class room.

Garnet Crummel Wilkinson, of Anacostia, D. C., has made many friends by his actions throughout the course. There was some confusion in the Y. W. C. A. when he arrived, but they have had no trouble with him since.



CLASS DAY.

Tuesday—At Class Breakfast

Class Prophecy.....Nellie H. Birdseye
Class History.....Iris L. Johnson

At Alumni Dinner

Decade Oration.....Alfred T. Hemingway

At First Church

Essay.....Florence A. Crocker
Sketch.....Henry C. Tracy
Oration.....Clarence W. Balke

At Peters Hall

Spade Oration.....Milton C. Smith
Reply.....D. Ray Gregg, '03

At Warner Gymnasium

Ivy Ode.....Margery Strong

At Place of Memorial

Farewell.....Albert R. Brown

Class Song.

Wednesday—At Alumni Dinner

Alumni Toast.....Stanley C. Livingston



HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.

PRESIDENT J. H. BARROWS,
MRS. J. H. BARROWS,
PROF. WALTER DENNISON,
PROF. ALICE H. LUCE,
MISS LILA J. WICKWIRE.

CLASS OFFICERS.

CLEVELAND R. CROSS.....President
NELLIE K. PARSONS.....Vice-president
MARY R. COCHRAN.....Secretary
D. RAY GREGG.....Treasurer
ALICE E. CAREY.....Assistant Treasurer

Motto: Virtute et Opere.



The Juniordom of 1903.

The World and his Wife have been enjoying a year-long serio-comedy in which not the least prominent part, and certainly not the least interesting, has been played by the Juniors of Oberlin, the immortal class of Nineteen Hundred and Three.

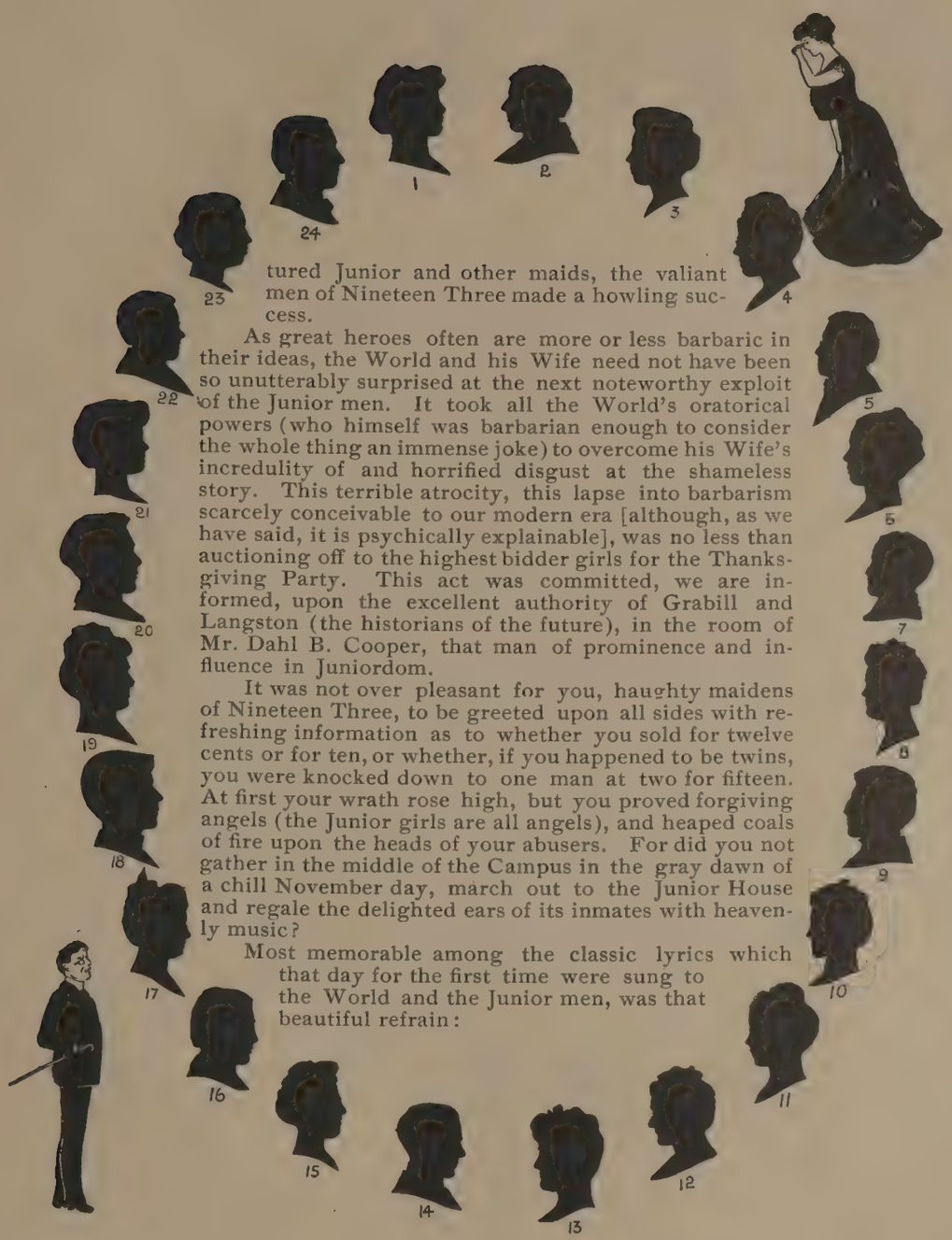
For the first few weeks things moved slowly and so undramatic were the events enacted upon the Oberlin stage, that the World yawned and his Wife said we were stupid. Just as our royal spectators were beginning to suffer the pangs and arrows of boredom, however, a triumphant yell broke the monotony:

M-C-M! I-I-I!
Blue and White! Hi-O-Hi!
Che-Ha! Che-Ha! Che-Ha! Che-He!
Oberlin! Oberlin! Nineteen Three!

and the conquering hero made his entrance.

The World stopped in the middle of a yawn to assume an attitude of attention and his Wife let her vinaigrette drop forgotten to her lap as she lifted her lorgnette to gaze with newly awakened interest upon the first arrival, the Class of Nineteen Three. "Oh!" she said with more animation than she had yet shown, "now we will have some fun. The Juniors have waked up."

The first, let us say the introductory, scene of Junior activity was the charming reception by means of which Miss Street brought together the members of her, one-time, class. Then among the early events of the season was the pig-roast, which, in spite of a drizzling rain and aching throats contracted in singing farewells under Talcott windows to enrap-

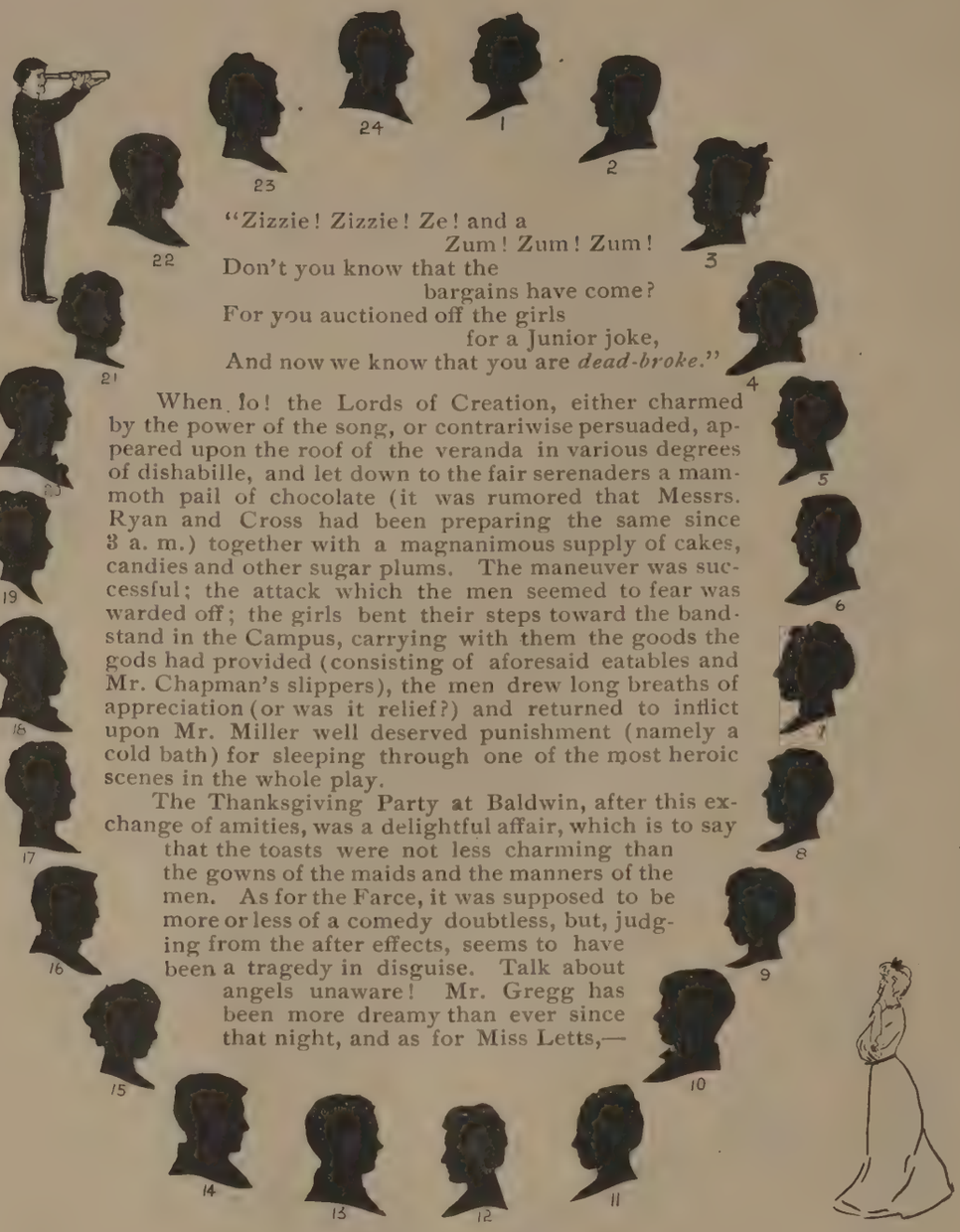


tured Junior and other maids, the valiant men of Nineteen Three made a howling success.

As great heroes often are more or less barbaric in their ideas, the World and his Wife need not have been so unutterably surprised at the next noteworthy exploit of the Junior men. It took all the World's oratorical powers (who himself was barbarian enough to consider the whole thing an immense joke) to overcome his Wife's incredulity of and horrified disgust at the shameless story. This terrible atrocity, this lapse into barbarism scarcely conceivable to our modern era [although, as we have said, it is psychically explainable], was no less than auctioning off to the highest bidder girls for the Thanksgiving Party. This act was committed, we are informed, upon the excellent authority of Grabill and Langston (the historians of the future), in the room of Mr. Dahl B. Cooper, that man of prominence and influence in Juniordom.

It was not over pleasant for you, haughty maidens of Nineteen Three, to be greeted upon all sides with refreshing information as to whether you sold for twelve cents or for ten, or whether, if you happened to be twins, you were knocked down to one man at two for fifteen. At first your wrath rose high, but you proved forgiving angels (the Junior girls are all angels), and heaped coals of fire upon the heads of your abusers. For did you not gather in the middle of the Campus in the gray dawn of a chill November day, march out to the Junior House and regale the delighted ears of its inmates with heavenly music?

Most memorable among the classic lyrics which that day for the first time were sung to the World and the Junior men, was that beautiful refrain:



"Zizzie! Zizzie! Ze! and a
Zum! Zum! Zum!
Don't you know that the
bargains have come?
For you auctioned off the girls
for a Junior joke,
And now we know that you are *dead-broke*."

When lo! the Lords of Creation, either charmed by the power of the song, or contrariwise persuaded, appeared upon the roof of the veranda in various degrees of dishabille, and let down to the fair serenaders a mammoth pail of chocolate (it was rumored that Messrs. Ryan and Cross had been preparing the same since 3 a. m.) together with a magnanimous supply of cakes, candies and other sugar plums. The maneuver was successful; the attack which the men seemed to fear was warded off; the girls bent their steps toward the bandstand in the Campus, carrying with them the goods the gods had provided (consisting of aforesaid eatables and Mr. Chapman's slippers), the men drew long breaths of appreciation (or was it relief?) and returned to inflict upon Mr. Miller well deserved punishment (namely a cold bath) for sleeping through one of the most heroic scenes in the whole play.

The Thanksgiving Party at Baldwin, after this exchange of amities, was a delightful affair, which is to say that the toasts were not less charming than the gowns of the maids and the manners of the men. As for the Farce, it was supposed to be more or less of a comedy doubtless, but, judging from the after effects, seems to have been a tragedy in disguise. Talk about angels unaware! Mr. Gregg has been more dreamy than ever since that night, and as for Miss Letts,—



ah, well, let's hope it is all for the best.

Then came the first bona-fide dance ever seen in Oberlin, given by the Junior girls to the Senior girls in Warner Gymnasium, a thing so altogether pretty and artistic that the Wife clapped her hands for pleasure, and the World was out of sorts because the men were not admitted.

Following close upon these activities came skating and the snows and vacation, during the last of which, it is said, Mr. Lightner neglected to break hearts on the Glee Club trip (a lamentable omission after last year's record), and took to writing letters instead. After the holidays came the great Sleighing Party, when the Misses Belden so kindly fed, sheltered and cheered in their lovely way, the returned pilgrims.

When all is said, there are still to be recounted the joys of Sugar Parties and Lorain Steel Works, to say nothing of the numerous side issues: such as Mr. Miller's consuming love for Miss Crisman; Mr. Harding's face in the choir wreathed in immortelle smiles which endure from September even unto June and remain unchanged; of Mr. Foley's importance as scene-shifter and general manager; of Mr. Andrews' botanical zeal (?); of Mr. Harkness' extraordinary attachment for Baldwin; and of Miss Craft's wonderful ability as a chaperone when assisted in that arduous duty by a member of the academy faculty.

But in all these complex counter plots the World and his Wife are interested, and it will be with a sigh of real regret that they see the curtain fall upon the Juniordom of 1903, and hear for the last time in this acedemic year the dauntless yell of their stage favorites:

M-C-M! I-I-I!
Blue and White! Hi-O-Hi!
Che-Ha! Che-Ha!
Che-Ha! Che-He!
Oberlin! Oberlin!
Nineteen Three!

SONG OF THE GOAT.

BY the banks of old Mahoning,
Thick with mud and slime of fishes,
Lies the land of earth and rocks made;
Lies the land, the home of "Happy."
Back across the hills that slope up
From this ague-breeding brooklet
Sits a barn upon the hill-top;
Sits a farm farmed by a farmer
With his whiskers long and snarled.
On this farm, in all its glory
Lived a goat, a gentle creature;
Lived its life among the tin cans
Often, too, beneath the clothes-line.
Do you ask me why this nonsense,
Why this goat is so important,
Why these grave poetic gushes?
Listen, dears, and I will tell you.
By the academic Plum Creek,
Wherein flows a pint of water,
Where the Ladies' Grove and Grover
Battle for an arboretum,
Where the mud has never bottom,
There exists a tribe of Juniors.
Once they met in solemn council,
Spoke the savage chief among them;
Spoke cross words unto his people,
"We must have a Junior mascot,
We must get a goat from somewhere."
Then went out some mighty warriors,
Searched in vain the country over;
Four long months were they in searching
Till they came to old Mahoning;
Here they found the goat they wanted,
Brought it back unto their people,
Back into the land of fairies.
Now the days passed uneventful;
While the Juniors held a pow-wow
How to guard their darling mascot,
Came some neighbor chiefs and stole it;

Took it off to other pastures.
Old chief Shep soon got to hear it,
Shook his mighty frame and bellowed
"We will;" and he did procure it.
Now they gamboled on the greensward,
Gamboled long and oft together,
Gamboled till at last grown weary,
Back he took the goat and left it,
Left it with the tribe of Juniors.
Now the days passed uneventful;
Passed till one bright, early morning
There was heard a voice so tiny,
'Twas the voice of little "Willie"
Come to live among the Juniors.
This, my children, is the story,
This the mystery of the mascot,
This the tale of little "Willie."
May he linger long and prosper.





HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

MISS MARY BARROWS,
MISS DELPHINE HANNA,
PROF. J. F. PECK,
PROF. C. E. ST. JOHN,
PROF. C. H. A. WAGER.

CLASS OFFICERS.

ERIC ANDERSON.....President
FRANCES G. KNOX.....Vice-president
MARIE E. COLE.....Secretary
RALPH E. BIXBY.....Treasurer
ABBIE S. MILLER.....Assistant Treasurer

Motto: Character and Culture.



O GODDESS sing thou of the freshman's wrath—
That deadly wrath that ultimately brought
Woes numberless upon the sophomores
And sent their bodies off to rural fields
Whence they did tramp through mud to Oberlin.
For thus the freshmen willed, e'en from the time
When first their prex. was seized by sophomores
And close was kept within bucolic vales.
Which of the gods put strife between these bands
That they should thus contend? Convention strong
And fair Tradition, unbeloved by Zeus.
For he had called the class of Sophomores
And solemnly had urged them to abjure
All thoughts of strife on this portentous day.
But as to freshmen, what time it was night
They gathered at the preconcerted tryst,
Beyond the hero-trampled field of Dill,
And there were marshalled by their leader bold—
That great inspirer and great blower-up—
Who oft upon the yell-resounding field
Had led in their attacks the doughty scrubs.
From head to heel he measured seven feet.
Ellis, the fleet-footed, too, was there
And other heroes far too numerous
To mention. Thus it was when darkness fell
O'er all the land they set out on their march
To wreak their vengeance on the sophomores.
Unto the patron deity of college scraps

They chanted anthems high, and held their course
Until they reached the campus broad where earth
Re-echoed to the tramp of freshmen feet.
And then across the wind-swept campus rose
A mighty shout from throats of sophomores—
Such tumult as when on the stretching shore
Of sounding sea the rolling billow hurls
In fury and the ocean far resounds.
Then met these bands and joined in mortal strife.
The fight was brief. The sophs were overwhelmed.
Although they mightily and bravely strove,
They bit the dust, their arms were all despoiled.
Even the hero Hillis, tawny haired,
At length was crushed by foes innumerable.

* * *

O muses, goddesses that dwell on high
Tell us, for all things ye perceive and know
And we know only part of what occurred
And cannot learn the rest from sophomores,
Say, goddess that presid'st o'er narrative,
Where went the sophs and when returned?
Beside what hitching posts took they their stand
Or on what heights Prometheus-like were bound?
And from whose room at time of rosy dawn
Inside whose greaves and tunic 'scaped their prex?
Now all was o'er. The battle had been fought.

* * *

Against the word and will of sovereign Zeus
A council of the gods and goddesses
Was straightway called upon Olympus high.
Then, seeming wise to the assembled gods
That mortal disobedience should be quelled,
They from the summit of the lofty mount
Came rushing swiftly through the etherial sky
With ire and determination down
Unto the temple's shrine. There they abode
And nursed their wrath to fever-heat 'gainst those
Who durst oppose the omnipotent in deeds.

When up rose Zeus and bent his sable brows
And started to expound his wisdom, while
The whole vast temple to the center shook.
And thus he spoke and urged respect to laws
And gave command that war henceforth should cease.
And held forth reasons that well favored are,
On sunny clad Olympus.
Now 'tis hard
To reconcile the ways of gods to men.
But when another year shall roll around
And we perhaps shall then be sophomores—
And next year's freshman class a sturdy lot—
A Terpischorean banquet will be due
At which we may console ourselves till ten
For all the joys of our heroic scrap,
While white-winged Peace descends o'er gods and men.

—A Freshman.



"Milk; Milk; I Want Some More;
Mama; Mama; Naughty Four."



OFFICERS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

HERMAN B. KELLER.....President
MISS BURR.....Vice-president
MISS LETTS.....Secretary
W. K. VAN CLEEF.....Treasurer
MISS ULINE.....Assistant Treasurer

The Class of 1905.

THE following purports to be a faithful and true account of what the class of 1905 has done so far. Of course we expect to be criticized for some of our acts—some people think a freshman ought to be criticized on general principles but all we ask for ourselves is that fair play which so well becomes a gentleman and a scholar, that is, a senior. We trust to this fairness, which gives even the soph. his due, not to withhold from freshmen what is rightfully theirs.

We try hard not to let our knowledge of the fact that Oberlin had been waiting for the class of 1905 sixty-eight long years—ever since the founding of the College in 1833—throw us off our balance.

Our coming to Oberlin was hailed with varied emotions. Secretary Jones smiled as he found himself enrolling a freshman class of one hundred and sixty-five. Professor Anderegg was out with his spy-glass and chainless bicycle and rubbed his hands in "holy glee" as he contemplated the promising batch of victims ready for sacrifice upon the altar of Freshman Math. Professor Martin, in accordance with his annual custom, made ready a supply of assorted jokes, cutting remarks, and slams, and after labelling each laid them carefully away, ready at the appointed time to be launched like the thunderbolts of Zeus at his devoted followers in the classes in Homer and Plato. Even Hobbs, the local pie manipulator, recognized the law of supply and demand, and made preparations for a class which possessed among its members Bush and McEwen.

One of our first acts was to violate the old proverb that, "Freshman should be seen and not heard." On the first day of the fall term we wended our peaceful way to chapel, and shortly afterward our young voices rose lustily in the first hymns of the year.

Mistakes and mishaps, for a class of such size, were few. Some, it is true, did not know what the Historic Elm was for, or for what it was fenced off; one of our members even mistook Spear Library for Talcott Hall on the first day of his arrival. But such incidents did not discourage us nor shake our great purpose in coming to Oberlin.

Oberlin customs soon became ours. We were in due time initiated into the mysteries of the grand march; and a little later, we learned to trip the light fantastic in the Oberlin "Bug House" dance. In short, we drank deep of the Oberlin spirit; and, in like manner, at all the receptions given the early part of the year, imbibed copious draughts of Oberlin punch.

We have ever been zealous in social affairs—the holding of parties, receptions, and the like. Our first class jollification was an open air stag banquet, held informally, on the evening of the second Saturday of the college year. But our friends the sophs had arranged to meet at the same time and place; in order to convince them of our rights in the matter we felt called

upon to use moral suasion. Having shown them our sincerity and enthusiasm we parted on the best of terms, even furnishing carriages for those sophs who, as a result of over-banqueting, were in no condition to walk home. The enjoyment of this occasion was marred only by one thing—the absence of Keller, who was visiting friends out of town and so was unable to be present, save in spirit. It must also be said that our fellow classmates, Howe and Comstock, were on this night the victims of a foul conspiracy which they took much to heart.

During the fall term foot-ball claimed our attention. The class championship was earnestly striven after, but our warriors did not cross the goal-line quite often enough to land us the coveted distinction. Neither Napoleon-like genius nor superhuman energy could turn the unrelenting fates. Our efforts to win the championship must be classed with other heroic but vain attempts, like the charge of the Light Brigade, or the stand at Thermopylae.

The Thanksgiving party came in the natural course of events, and right here occurred something which, temporarily at least, threatened to mar the even tenor of our way. The date approached, but, alas, the men of the class seemed most unaccountably backward. In response to the indignation meetings of the girls it absolutely seemed incumbent upon President Keller to appoint Sperry and Van Cleef as sergeants-at-arms to "go out among the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." But through the heroic efforts of Karraker, "Skeeter" Jones, Ellis, Dick, and a few others of the faithful, the latent gallantry of the class asserted itself, and peace dwells once more in our midst.

Then came basket-ball to capture the enthusiasm of all true lovers of sport in Oberlin, and thereon hangs a tale, for lo, it came to pass that there rose up among us certain "mighty men of valor," Brown, Hoopes, Van Cleef, Bowles, and Case. The upper classes, one and all, essayed to lower the pride of the haughtly freshmen, but in vain. One by one, seniors, juniors and sophs, they were sorely smitten, and the freshmen were left in undisputed possession of the field. Even Adelbert, '05, who foolishly invaded where upper classmen had learned not to tread, scarce survived to count the score.

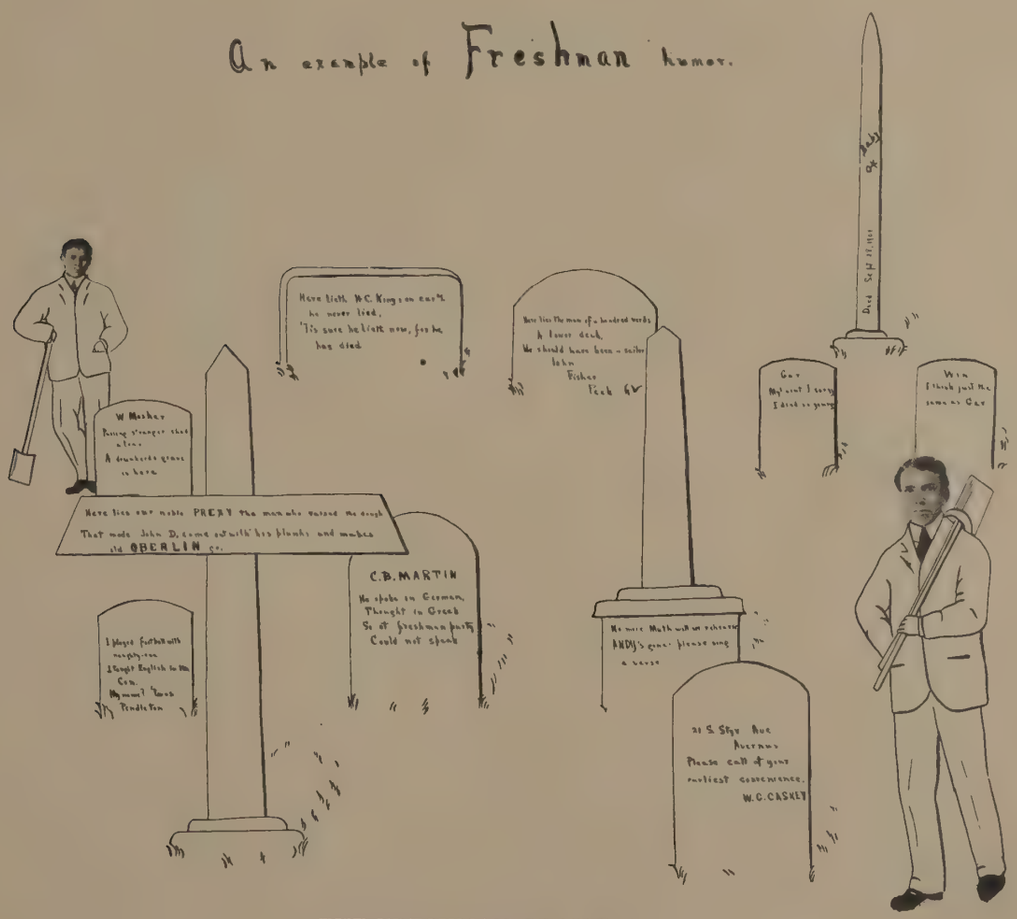
Our class enjoys an enviable record as regards regular attendance at all college exercises, especially fires. On one occasion, at least, certain of our members, although themselves engaged in a peculiarly dismal task at the dead of night, awoke the fire department to a realization of its duty and for this they deserve the gratitude of all Oberlin citizens.

We have set a good example in the regularity of our chapel attendance, and the close attention we have invariably given to all the exercises. The accuracy of observation there displayed would astonish an outsider. Bellows in particular has brought this feature of college work to the perfection of an exact science, and has the matter of chapel exercise worked out with mathematical precision in his note-book.

Nor have we slighted that enjoyable and profitable Oberlin institution, the U. L. A. lecture course. We have bought our tickets and paid for our choices—that is, some of us have—we have laughed when the lecturer was witty, and wept genuine crocodile tears when he grew pathetic.

Altogether our progress so far has been a source of satisfaction to ourselves, and, as we certainly hope (for we look on the bright side whenever possible) to the faculty also. Really, we're not conceited, but it seems to be traditional that nobody will sing the praises of freshmen except freshmen themselves. This is human nature. Juniors and seniors are afraid of spoiling the future prospects of a freshman class by over-praise, and sophomores don't appreciate freshmen, anyway.

But be tolerant, we beg. Give at least a tacit acknowledgment of our good qualities, and be lenient towards our youthful capers; and as for ourselves, well, we'll promise to do the same for all freshmen that come after us.



THE FRESHMAN GRAVEYARD.

Reveries of an Alumnus.

IF all members of the great throng of graduates of Oberlin College are dumped out into the adjacent real estate with as many books and liabilities and as few assets as this particular alumnus, they soon find that they are scarcely in a position to reminiscate.

I have been so busy during the little time that has elapsed since the night that I left the college town with a diploma and a bad reputation for most anything in general, that I have not turned over many of memory's pages, although I have turned over several of Nick Carter's. The demands of society life, business and my landlady are so exacting that I have often found it necessary to remove to other portions of the city, where I could live in peace for a few weeks. Yet an extensive acquaintance among the merchants of Oberlin, and a voluminous correspondence from these friends who remain close to me in all my misfortunes, serve to keep the good old town fresh in my recollection, and so, too, doubtless, in the minds of countless others.

The undergraduates regard the alumni as a sort of vast milky way in the great circumference of the college's history; and each particular graduate takes pleasure in noting the brilliant stars which twinkle along the edges of the nebulae and, singling out one certain star, he wonders whether people recognize that one or whether he will have to introduce himself. The alumni, looking back upon the present day students, have hazy ideas of class parties, and grand marches, and U. L. A. lectures, and occasionally—books; but there is one thing they are sure of and that is, the student who has no interest in college life and who does not attempt to raise the devil generally, in a respectable, genteel manner, whenever he sees an opportunity, ought to go right home to his mother and fall in the well. A sour-faced man is an abomination, but a sour-faced student—well, I never saw one.

In reminiscating around I shall very likely venture upon some pretty thin ice somewhere, so if I disappear, do not get worried; my clothes are very often "soaked." Sometimes the undergraduates call us, the alumni, "old skates." Now I am not going to say anything at all about such remarks, not being able to cut much ice, but did you ever notice that—? No, I don't suppose you ever did, so I won't bother you by saying anything about it.

One thing will please the alumnus in after years. When he comes to look back and see how it was that he got his start in the world he will always be ready to smile. I am just scoring, myself, and the judges do not seem to want to give me the word, but it is rather pleasurable, even getting the start. When you go to a man and ask for a position it is not necessary to tell him

that you have been to college. Just balance your hair properly on both sides of your head, put on one of your longest cuffs for a collar, get a hat with an extra curl in it, take up your cane and walk into your business man's sanctum. Ask him very casually if he is looking for an intelligent young man to help bear the responsibilities and profits of his business and then if he does not throw you down the elevator shaft, his office boy will. You will be sure to find an opening somewhere.

I suppose I really ought to say something about the alumnæ of Oberlin College. So many of them have changed their names, for better or worse, that it is hard for one to keep track of them. They don't walk on sand in Oberlin, you know, and their footprints are not easily followed. But the alumnæ have one saving grace, most of them: they like the Oberlin boys. So a marriage notice in the pages of the *Review* is a pretty sure sign that two more Oberlin graduates have started on the road to success, because an Oberlin man does not get married on a half a dollar and a supreme faith that something will turn up.

The alumni, too, seem to stick together pretty well. You never saw an account of a divorce in the alumni page of the *Review*. But this is all a matter of abbreviations, alumnus, alumna, alumni et al, so I will jump the fence and my board bill and take up something else.

Smoking and drinking are two subjects on which hundreds of gallons of hot air are expended in Oberlin, and elsewhere, every year. The college authorities have put these two articles on the high tariff list. The undergraduates say they don't believe in high license, a number of them at least, and it might interest some of them to know how an alumnus looks at it.

I am neither a teetotaller nor a toper. I have been steeped in tobacco smoke day after day until my clothes were so strong that they would walk alone, and in this town any unusual haste on the part of a man on the street is a sure sign that that individual is going for a drink. When he comes back half an hour later with a large and expansive breath, which is pungent enough to knock down a whole brewery, you can believe that he has swallowed something larger than a peppermint drop.

So I say that I have seen both sides. I like to see a man enjoy a good smoke and I like to see a man enjoy a glass of beer, but is there anybody more disgusting and absolutely worthless than some young fellow, dressed in his father's big overcoat and wearing an air of general superiority, trying to smoke a strong cigar or essaying to get outside of a schooner, while he is wondering what makes it taste so funny. Most young men start smoking and drinking because they think they will be "it" all right if they do. They certainly are "its" if they do. For this reason the college regulations are excellent. Only they can not reach back far enough. A boy should never be

allowed to sow these wild oats before he is twenty-one. After that let him vote for the devil himself if he wants to. That is, don't try to regulate him, because you might as well try to regulate a tornado.

Oberlin is hated and rejected of Adelbert and O. S. U., and there are others. This is a fact to glory in. Adelbert still hopes and curses for the day—for they don't pray very much down there—when she shall be able to rub the crimson and gold into the mire of the football field. The defeat last fall, when even her ancient arguments, of Oberlin rain and mud, had to eat hay on Dill Field, was humiliating indeed.

O. S. U. hates to think that there is an insignificant college to the north which blocks the progress of her athletic empire. So there is talk of sporting with Michigan and of the championship of the world—even as W. R. U. once—and mighty boasts, and the "easy cinch" at Oberlin, which the State University men still remember—in their nightmares. Everybody is always ready to get out his little hammer for the man on top.

There isn't any difference between an alumnus and an undergraduate, except that the former spends all the money he can get and the latter gets all the money he can spend. But college friendship is worth more than gold—and some of them are worth solitaire diamonds. This honest, real friendship and the noble ideals which Oberlin College implants in every one of its sons and daughters is worth more than books and is worth all that it costs.

Harry N. Frost, '01.

A VISIT TO THE ART ROOMS.

Just up a winding stairway
  Then two doors to the right—
A very startling placard
  Will come before your sight.

But do not let it scare you,
  You've seen much worse than that,
Just follow the suggestion
  And "Please to use the mat."

When you have knocked and entered,
  And once inside the door,
You'll see the artist maiden
  In gingham pinafore.

With brush and pencil busy
  Or modeling in clay—
'Tis thus we spend the hours
  And work from day to day.

And when the warm spring breezes
  Would call us from the school,
We take the pad and pencil,
  The "sketching hat" and stool.

And far away we wander
  O'er field and woodland stretch,
Till the very voice of Nature
  Compels our hands to sketch.

Nor would we count time wasted
  If pencil lose control
And let Earth's glory enter
  To beautify the soul.

K. E. CHANDLER.



— JEANNE PAYNE.

PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR WOMEN.

DELPHINE HANNA, M. D., Director.

SENIOR CLASS.

IRIS L. JOHNSON.

JUNIOR CLASS.

ELLEN H. BIRDSEYE,
DIANTHA L. DEWEY,
LLEWELLA M. FESSENDEN,
HARRIETT A. JENNEY,
GAIL LOWRY,
MAUDE A. MONROE,
GERTRUDE E. MOULTON.





CONSERVATORY of MUSIC



HOWARD HANDEL CARTER,
Professor of Pianoforte.

CHARLES PARSONS DOOLITTLE,
Instructor in Violoncello.

WILLIAM KILGORE BRECKENRIDGE,
Instructor in Pianoforte.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD ANDREWS,
Professor of Organ and Composition.

CHARLES KING BARRY, A. B.,
Instructor in Pianoforte.

EDWARD DICKINSON, A. M.,
Professor of History of Music.



The Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

IN the year 1842 a simple wooden building of one story stood nearly where Baldwin Cottage now stands. This modest "Music Hall," as it was called, with its single piano, was the prophecy of the Oberlin Conservatory of today.

The same ideal which has given life to Oberlin College has ever been present in her interest in music. Early in the thirties President Mahan "determined that under the best and most spiritually-minded teachers that could be found sacred music should be carried to its highest perfection, so that all religious services should constantly be under the most deeply spiritual influence." These early days with their simplicity and devotion found little use for the "ungodly fiddle" and other musical instruments apart from religious worship. Even the piano was objected to as an instrument likely to "vitiate the mind and unfit it for devotion." But despite the conservatism of the Oberlin fathers, interest in music, sacred and secular, has constantly increased. In 1852 the Oberlin Choir rendered, for the first time in its history, an oratorio, the Oratorio of Absalom. The *Oberlin Evangelist* of September first, 1852, in commenting upon the event, remarks that "rarely have the plains of the great West rung to the echoes of music so varied, so chaste, and so charming. But the Genius of musical culture is on her way westward, and we hail her coming." Little did the *Evangelist* realize the extent to which this "Genius of musical culture" would permeate the life of Oberlin.





Little did such early musical instructors as Allen, Morgan, and Steele dream of the splendid structure that would be built upon the foundations they had laid. Standing upon the enduring ideal of the fathers, the Oberlin Conservatory of Music of today is the fitting monument of one who never compromised conviction; who patiently overcame opposition and conquered difficulties. It is the worthy creation of Professor Rice, for whom music was not only an æsthetic art to be cultivated for itself alone, but a power to make men strong and true.



MISS HIRSHEY.

Miss Roxie Hirshey was born at Daylestown, O., October 17, 1884. In 1885, with her parents, she moved to Akron. There she attended the public schools until ready for her second year in the high school.

Miss Hirshey possessed marked musical ability and in the fall of 1901 entered the Oberlin Conservatory of Music as a student in the organ and the piano. Her steady application to the music that she loved so impaired her health that just before the winter term closed her strength failed. After a severe illness of two weeks with diphtheria, on March 25, she passed away.

The qualities which won for Miss Hirshey her popularity among the students of Oberlin were her quiet, unobtrusive friendliness and her genial attractive manner. Everywhere she made friends, and they not only mourn for the gentle girl whose pleasant greeting they will miss, but their hearts are saddened that her young life, a promise of so much for the future, has been taken away.

CLASS OF 1902.

LOTTE DEMUTH,
JOHN CHARLES MERTHE,
EDNA BELLE MOORE,
ANNIE ELIZABETH MAYHEW.

ARTIST RECITALS.

ALBERTO JONAS	Pianoforte
EDWIN H. LEMARE	Organ
LOTTE DEMUTH	Violin
PITTSBURG ORCHESTRA	Concerto
MRS. BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER	Pianoforte
MRS. CORINNE LAWSON	Vocal
SPIERING QUARTETTE	Concerto
MRS. GENEVIEVE CLARK WILSON	Vocal
HAROLD BAUER	Pianoforte
SLIVINSKI	Pianoforte
CLARK	Vocal
LEONORA JACKSON	Violin



Theological Seminary



The Seminary.

ONE by one the members of the Ministerial Trust strolled into Room Forty-One and took possession of the furniture. After President Weed had, with some difficulty, elevated his feet to the top of the radiator and Allen had wound a few of his sinuous coils about the waste-paper basket, the meeting was called to order.

"Gentlemen of the Trust," demanded the president, "is there any business?" Harvey Colburn was the first to speak. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "it behooves the Trust to settle this evening whether or not we'll let these bloomin' seniors graduate." "What is your will in the matter?" asked the president. "Well, Mr. President," said Georgie Merrill, the sporty kid of the Trust, "I move you we discuss dese guys individually." "Second the motion," shouted Early. The motion was carried, while Corbin began to clear the table and arrange the spread.

"Now there's Kedzie," said Allen over his sandwich, "he has influential relatives. Guess we'll have to let him through." "Hold on," cried Early, "Kedzie and a member of this Trust took a coast around Buffalo at 4 A. M. when we went to Toronto." Everyone looked shocked and Corbin said he guessed he'd better go down stairs and get a pail of water. After some further discussion it was decided that Kedzie might have his diploma on promise of good behavior in future.

"How about Cholly Fowler?" inquired Greenlee. "Cholly has shown some sporty tendencies lately, but he he has been here so long we'd better let him go." Fowler was passed without a murmur.

"Crowe next," yelled McDowell just as Corbin brought on the cold fowl. After the laugh had subsided Allen said he had been told the gentle-



man in question was an inveterate smoker. Instantly a storm of discussion arose, in the midst of which Merrill admitted he had once said "d——n" when he was running a newspaper in central New York. When the vote on Crowe was taken it stood three for and three against, Merrill not voting. President Weed, remembering his boyhood days, cast the deciding vote that Crowe might graduate.

"How about Herzog?" queried McDowell, as he attacked a slab of marble cake. "He believes that Moses wrote the Pentateuch," said Early in an awestruck whisper. Silence fell upon the little company as this heinous offense was charged. Finally Merrill began to sob and had to be carried to the window. When order was restored Greenlee, in a trembling voice, plead that for the sake of the erring man's family he be allowed to have his diploma. The motion to pass him was reluctantly carried.

"We come now to Bourquin," remarked the president, as he brushed the tear-stains from his cheeks. Corbin hastily swallowed the remainder of his sixth pickle and said "Bourquin has a church, is engaged, and has bought the furniture. I don't know the lady, but for her sake let him go." The motion was carried with a shout.

Allen, the tall sycamore of the Maumee, then rose to mention Sprenger. "Mr. President," he said, "does the gentleman appreciate the value of dogmatic meanderings? Does he believe that David worshipped Baal, that Moses was a myth, and Joseph was a sun-god? If so, I move we graduate him." The motion prevailed.

The seniors were disposed of now with the single and singular exception of Hambly. "He has his D. D.," remarked Greenlee, "but he writes it in the front part of his name instead of the rear." "Did you ever hear how Hambly came to be called Prince Henry?" Colburn asked. "Well, when that famous German was scouring the country like an animated bar of Sapolio, Hambly was told he bore some resemblance to the prince. That gave him an idea. He had some big posters printed announcing in four-inch letters that Prince Henry would pass through Wakeman on the 4:41 train on a certain day. That suburban town was liberally covered with the posters. There



was great excitement in the village. On the appointed day Hambly borrowed George Freddy's silk tile and Willie Williams' Prince Albert coat. He took the 12:10 train to Norwalk and waited for the 4:41. When the train was due at Wakeman the population turned out *en masse* and lined the tracks. The express rushed through at fifty miles an hour. There stood the smiling Hambly on the rear platform, twirling his mustache and looking wise. The people yelled like hyenas as he gave them a profound bow."

When this story was ended five men leaped to their feet and moved that Hambly be graduated *magna cum laude*. So the seniors were given their deserts.

"Is the committee on funds for a carpet for Scoundrel Hall parlor ready to report?" the president inquired at some expense of breath.

"It is," responded Greenlee. "We report that on last Saturday a seminary baby show was held in the reading room. Exhibitors were strictly limited to seminary families. Only children accompanied by their mothers were listed as competitors. Entries were made by two members of the faculty, six students, and the senior member of the seminary Leaven. Some trouble was occasioned when our august chairman wanted a sweepstakes prize and tried to enroll the whole patch of Weeds. Great excitement attended the entrance of Mrs. Colburn, trundling little Harvey, aged 23, in a wheelbarrow. The judges gave first prize to little Harvey and the two faculty babies tied for second. The net proceeds are nineteen dollars." The report was adopted with applause.

"Is there any further business?" asked the chairman. "Mr. President," said McDowell, in the deep, thrilling tone that won him the Lodi pastorate, "I wish to announce that Brother Merrill has in press a book with the title, Force of Gar. It has an introduction describing his dramatic flight from the kitchen door the morning the milkman (?) called, and telling what happened the day he preached to the faculty." At this point Merrill grew so red that his celluloid collar was threatened with combustion, and the Trust adjourned to avoid accidents.



THE ACADEMY





JOHN FISHER PECK, A. M.,
Principal of the Academy.

KIRKE LIONEL COWDERY,
Instructor in French.

JOHN T. SHAW,
Associate Professor of Latin.

EDWIN FAUVER,
Tutor in History.

EDGAR FAUVER,
Tutor in Greek.

Seniors in the Academy.

OUR rapid progress along all lines has been largely due to having our own Carr, to be had at any time by telephoning.

Milk white and green have been made the class colors, but not without trouble. During the debate, which took place before the voting, the sample of milk (white) being the best, turned to cream, and some of the timid ones doubted the advisability of choosing green, suggesting that it would furnish food for thought for the jesters of other classes.

There has been talk of importing several needy but clever artists immediately, making them honorary members of our class, and teaching them English before the junior year. It would be a help in editing the Annual.

Specials have been needed at foot-ball, but that is because we are clever and have attained senior caddom at an unusually early age.



We shall never forget Cappy Cap, standing on first base last spring, muffing the balls and yelling lustily, "Strike 'em out! Strike 'em out!" showing at the same time his enthusiasm, and his admiration for the Fancy Pitcher.

We are especially indebted to two members of the class, who are famous alike at foot-ball and base-ball, for the practical demonstration of the "home run" with which they have favored us at the opening of several class meetings.

Our parties, the year through, have been successes, in particular those at which refreshments were served, and not so much on the inverse proportion plan as our last winter's sleigh-ride.

We did not have a sleigh-ride this year. The girls did not feel that they could afford it.

We have been represented at all entertainments, have attended church each Sunday, sitting devoutly either in the gallery or on the floor, and have met all requirements at the deans' offices "without fail." We have engaged in what mischief the college students would allow us to, and it is possible that the wicked members will have a university extension course along this line next year. We have rooted wherever we could. We tried to have a sugar party.

The Lesbian society was a happy thought. We leave with it our best wishes.

Our class mandolin club bids fair to rival the conservatory.

We are sorry to leave the Academy. Society and French Halls have had their charm as well as their midwinter temperature. We cannot hope to find the new teachers any more patient or helpful than those we shall leave, still Freshman Math. is the only study we shall probably ever become enough attached to to review frequently, and we must trudge along in the wake of the legions of departed cads.





KLIDE LE ROY KIESTER.

Klide L. Kiester was born at Mark, O., August 23, 1881. He first came to Oberlin in the spring of 1900 and entered the junior-middle academy class. At the time of his death he had finished the middle year. He stood well in his classes and was an earnest worker in Cadmean literary society.

At the end of the college year he went to the Pan-American Exposition and there contracted a severe cold which developed into pneumonia. After a week's illness he died at the home of a friend at Defiance, June 26, 1901.

His cheering countenance, together with the fact that he had a pleasant word for everybody, made for himself many friends who miss him very much. He had a beautiful character and was never known to utter a cross or an angry word.

It is hard to understand why God took away from us one so young and promising, yet we feel thankful that in the time alloted to him we were privileged to know him; and because of that acquaintance we are the better.

Middle Academy.

YOU ask me to tell you about it, do you? It is as weird as a fairy story, as you will see. It was a Monday afternoon in room thirteen at our middle academy Bible class while Mr. Sherk was talking about the whale story. A loud report was heard in the laboratory room across the hall and gas fumes came pouring into our room. The girls screamed and rushed to the door, the boys followed. As I ran I stumbled and fell. I was overcome by the gas and unable to rise. I tried to call, but could not.

Not long after, some of the boys came in and discovering me bore me to a doctor. Though perfectly conscious I was unable to speak. But to hurry on; they tried in vain to awaken me. Days, weeks, even years passed, I was sent away and an attendant waited upon me. During this time my only diversion was listening to the conversation of those who came in.

One day Sargent and Shimmons came in and for the first time I heard news of our class. Many changes had occurred. Both boys were through college. Sargent was on his way west to manage a gold mining company, while Shimmons was about to return to Persia as a medical missionary. They spoke about many of the class. Miss Gilbert was dean of a ladies' college.

Leeper, because of his faithfulness in exercising, was now assistant in Warner Gymnasium. Miss Frederick, after graduating, married and moved to California. They said Miss Taft became a contributor to the Ladies' Home Journal. Cornell married a Toledo girl and was manager of the Wauseon Base Ball Club. All this was very interesting to me, I assure you, for it gave me food for reflection.

At one time my attendant was changed and to my great joy I recognized the voice of my friend, Dick Ketcham. He decided to study medicine and accepted this position because of the time it gave him, as I required little care. I felt that I would have plenty of news now, for he was very talkative. Haines called one day on his way to Canton, Ohio, where he expected to engage with Miller in the oil business. He said that Dowd and Pratt were associated in the law, though Pratt spent most of his time traveling through the country making political speeches. Miss Curtis having become acquainted with a young Englishman, was married and had gone to England. Miss Hume wrote a history of Oberlin. Ingersol and Stearns wrote a biography of Oberlin's famous men.

Rogers, editor of a newspaper, was very happy in his married life. Miss Hildebrand was now the wife of a Methodist preacher. Miss Knisely and Miss Hatfield had gone as missionaries to Africa. Miss Runyon fell heir to a fortune and was busy refusing suitors. Miss Clark went to Berlin to study music.

This was too much for me. I felt myself shaking, my head seemed to drop suddenly. I heard roars of laughter. I opened my eyes and there I was, in the school room, with all the class laughing at me. It dawned upon me in a moment. It was all a dream, I had fallen asleep in class.

The Summer School.

THE greatest attraction of the Summer School was, of course, the ornithology class, although some others and Katherine Crafts indulged in history, economics and pedagogy—doubtless a highly practical course. The ornithologists once a week made early morning trips "while the drowsy world was sleeping." They took afternoon strolls, two by two, under their umbrellas, little Leo and the inquisitive Master Root leading the van, the voluble Mr. Gulick close following, and Mr. Field and Miss Feitz bringing up the distant rear. Sometimes Miss Laura Reid came as a visitor and then she and Mr. Harold Reid lagged even farther behind—in their zeal to let no strange bird or curious nest escape them.

Every Monday the class went for an all day's trip, usually in the Elyria band-wagon, to the lake, Mill Hollow, Chance Creek, or some romantic region where they listened to the birds until evening. On their way, when passing an oat field, Mr. McIntosh exclaimed: "Don't you wish you were a bob-o-link and had the 'chink-chink-chink?" As they lunched in the heat of the day Mr. Field remarked to the young lady sitting on the log beside him: "Ah, Miss Feitz, your face is brown, red, rufus, coffee-colored, no —brazen!"

Often in the woods they stood in silence to hear the chat or the cardinal while Mr. Shank struck his inevitable graceful attitude and Mr. Reid, in white, endeavored to look picturesque against a green background. But after the evening song of the woodthrush everyone grew frivolous—not to say sentimental—and Professor Jones resigned himself to stoic patience.

Then came the long drive home by moonlight, and all agreed that besides learning birds they were enjoying the advantages of a Social Culture Club. Lillie Feitz remarked with her usual vivacity that "Field work was by far the best part of ornithology."



LITERARY



SOCIETIES

ALPHA ZETA.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

L. B. HALL, '72,
A. T. SWING, '74,
C. B. MARTIN, '76,
J. F. PECK, '75,
H. C. KING, '79,
A. S. ROOT, '84,
F. E. LEONARD, '89,
W. H. SHERK, '99,
E. F. ADAMS, '01.

SENIORS.

1. R. L. BAIRD,
2. A. R. BROWN,
3. W. M. FRASER,
4. C. B. HARWOOD,
5. R. V. HILL,
6. J. J. JEWETT,
7. A. W. MONOSMITH,
8 J. D. RHOADES,
9. E. W. SHANK,
10. F. L. VON LUBKEN.

JUNIORS.

11. J. S. BOSSLEMAN,
12. E. K. CHAPMAN,
13. D. B. COOPER,
14. E. P. EDWARDS,
15. R. T. F. HARDING,
16. H. K. HEEBNER,
17. P. D. JENKINS,
18. E. A. LIGHTNER,
19. E. J. MOORE,
20. C. R. SCHULTZ.

SOPHOMORES.

21. J. H. ANGLE,
22. H. W. BISSEL,
23. R. E. BIXBY,
24. A. R. EDGERTON,
25. A. H. HOPE,
26. W. G. McINTOSH,
27. H. M. PAPPADOPOULOS,
28. J. H. PARMELEE,
29. M. F. PARMELEE,
30. C. H. SACKETT,
31. E. L. SAMPSON,
32. H. J. SEYMOUR,
33. L. C. SHAVER.

FRESHMEN.

34. WINIFRED ALTVATER,
35. L. W. CHENEY,
36. E. B. COMSTOCK,
37. ALEXANDER DICK,
38. J. G. EARL,
39. A. W. GOODENOUGH,
40. T. K. JAY,
41. H. B. KELLER,
42. H. W. PECK.


AZ

Alpha Zeta.

THE society room seemed hot and stuffy to the old member, for he was somewhat worn out with his climb into the attic of Peters Hall; however, four years of practice had made a philosopher of him and he did not complain. He sank into the chair nearest the door and then glanced at his watch. It was past six o'clock, the society should have been in progress fully fifteen minutes, but things are never done on time in Alpha Zeta.

After allowing the members to settle themselves in the most comfortable, if not the most graceful, positions, President Von Lubkin rapped for silence. Monosmith led the society in singing "Beulah Land" (Illinois). Seymour, in an absent minded way, called the roll; only about two-thirds of the members were present, the absence of the seniors being especially noticeable.

The program of the evening was to be presented by the juniors, and of course everyone expected something first-class. When the critque was called for, a mild mannered fellow arose and after hesiating a moment stamped out upon the floor. It was Lightner. He seemed half afraid of the society and his criticisms were exceedingly rosy, especially those directed toward a certain strong man of foot-ball fame. The critic explained that he did not wish to hurt anyone's feelings, so the society must excuse him if he omitted mentioning any defects. R. T. F. Harding, the essayist, presented a paper which, judging from his manner of delivery, he had written during the preceding half hour. His stunt finished, a grin of satisfaction spread over his face as he resumed his chair and perched his feet upon the arm of another.

And now the climax of the evening. Oh! If only every society were inspired by such an orator as Heebner! Shades of Webster, such eloquence, such form, can mortal man withstand it? He proceeds in his own solemn, impressive manner to thrill his impatient hearers with an oration entitled, "The Mosquito of New Jersey, Mankind's Friend."

In the debate which followed Chapman seemed to be the central figure. The subject under discussion was something about the natural beauty of Plum Creek. Chapman used his entire time in showing the strategic importance of the stream with reference to the Panama Canal. No one saw the connection, nor did he expect them to. In general debate, Brown ranted about Lord Chamberlain and the Boer war. Cooper followed him in a pointless speech in which he objected to everything mentioned by the guileless senior.

As it was not yet seven-thirty and there was still some important business to be transacted, the society adjourned upon the motion of Harwood. The old member wended his way home completely satisfied with his membership in Alpha Zeta.

Ladies' Literary Society.

PRESIDENT—The first extempore of the evening will be given by Miss —— Eade! (A wave of relief sweeps over the society and Miss Eade approaches the platform).

President—Miss Eade, your subject will be "The Arguments for and against Woman's Suffrage." (Miss Eade scowls and looks on the floor for pins.)

Miss Eade—Well! I read The Outlook for this week all through, but I didn't see *that* subject. *I* think women ought to be allowed to vote. That's an argument *for* woman's suffrage. Especially is this true in the case of old maids. (Nods of approval from Misses Wright, Willard, Fairchild and Crafts.) I think we women also who expect to get married ought to vote, so that our husbands will have more respect for us. Most of our society belongs to this last class. (Heart-rending applause.) I believe the society will all second me in saying that we believe in woman's suffrage, and I need give no arguments against it.

President—The second extempore will be given by Miss —— (Emelyn Peck grows red headed from suspense) Carey! Miss Carey, your subject will be "The Coal Business." (Miss Carey goes briskly to the platform.)

Miss Carey—I think I may consider myself very fortunate in my subject, for I am acquainted with many facts about coal. Coal is an article manufactured in blast furnaces and is black and shiny and used for fuel. The coal business is very remunerative and the owners of these blast furnaces are often quite wealthy. (Miss Carey takes her seat and Minerva bows her head in shame.)

President—The third extempore will be given by Miss Sweet. Her subject will be "Teachers' Agencies."

Miss Sweet—This topic is one which I do not care to discuss in public. It is not easy to speak freely on matters that come so close to one's deepest life. Besides, I do not remember that this was mentioned in Microcosmus.

At this point the society is electrified by seeing the Winged Victory spread her pinions and with her face toward the sunny lands of Greece, disappear in the darkness of the night.



L. L. S.

FACULTY MEMBER.

MRS. A. A. F. JOHNSTON, '56.

SENIORS.

1. IVA I. BROWN,
2. ESTHER F. DODGE,
3. NORA E. EADE,
4. FRANCES E. FOWLER,
5. MYRA O. GODFREY,
6. MINNIE B. MUNGER,
7. CLARA V. PARTRIDGE,
8. MARY A. H. STICKEL,
9. MARGERY STRONG,
10. HELEN E. SWEET,
11. FLORENCE L. WESTLAKE,
12. ELLEN E. WRIGHT,
13. MABEL Z. WRIGHT,
    HELEN M. WRIGHT.

JUNIORS.

14. MINNIE F. ADAMS,
15. MARY M. BELDEN,
16. ELLEN S. BELDEN,
17. ANNA C. CADY,
18. ALICE E. CAREY,
19. HARRIET COMINGS,
20. KATHERINE A. CRAFTS,
21. DIANTHA L. DEWEY,
22. LILY A. FEITZ,
23. KATHERINE M. FAIRCHILD,
24. EDNA K. FEARL,
25. LLEWELLA M. FESSENDEN,
26. FLORA K. HEEBNER,
27. MABEL A. JONES,
28. GERTRUDE E. MOULTON,
29. AGNES M. McCREARY,
30. EVELYN F. PECK,
31. CORDELIA F. RAGON,
32. SARA E. TUCKER,
33. ELIZABETH WILLARD,

SOPHOMORE.

34. EUNICE A. MILLER,

FRESHMAN.

35. LUCIA B. FULLER.

CONSERVATORY.

36. M. B. LEE,
37. JEANNE F. PAYNE.

PHI KAPPA PI.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

A. A. WRIGHT, '65,
LYNDS JONES, '92,
S. K. TOMPKINS, '01,
EDWIN FAUVER, '99,
EDGAR FAUVER, '99,
W. E. MOSHER, '99.

SENIORS.

1. M. L. CARPENTER,
2. H. D. CHANDLER,
3. A. T. HEMINGWAY,
4. B. L. LAIRD,
5. S. C. LIVINGSTON,
6. J. S. OKADA,
7. W. H. PRITCHARD,
   H. B. REED,
8. D. W. ROBINSON,
9. H. J. STRONG,
10. O. C. SANBORN.

JUNIORS.

11. W. F. ANDREWS,
12. C. M. BREWSTER,
13. C. R. CROSS,
14. R. W. FOLEY,
15. H. L. MARSH,
16. J. R. MORGAN,
17. W. J. RYAN,
18. S. G. SHAW,
19. J. W. TAYLOR,
20. E. H. TENNEY,
21. F. W. VINCENT.

SOPHOMORES.

22. ERIC ANDERSON,
23. A. L. BUTTON,
24. C. F. BRISSEL,
25. G. N. BEBOUT,
26. D. B. BARSAMIAN,
27. W. H. CHAPIN,
28. E. B. CHAMBERLAIN,
29. C. G. LIVINGSTON,
30. L. S. MILLER,
31. W. R. MESSENGER,
32. F. H. POCOCK,
33. R. W. PATTERSON,
34. R. M. ROBINSON,
35. C. T. ROOME,
36. F. C. VAN CLEEF.

FRESHMEN.

37. J. M. CLIFTON,
38. J. R. ELLIS,
39. H. E. FUNK,
40. E. C. HAMILTON,
41. MARTIN JATEN,
42. P. R. MYRICK,
43. JOHN RUDIN,
44. P. H. SMITH,
45. A. W. STAUB,
46. W. K. VAN CLEEF,


ΦΚΠ

Phi Kappa Pi.

WHAT would the reader learn about Phi Kappa Pi? The old society always rises to the occasion, even to furnishing material for the Annual.

Unostentatiously it has been doing its cheerful duties and has contributed in large part to the work for our Alma Mater. We would make our society's history an encomium and, trusting to find a place in the hearts of the readers of the Hi-O-Hi, we will take you into strict confidence while we attend to recent phenomena incidental to society work.

How an old alumnus recently humiliated us as he told of things now going on just the same as in the "good old days" of '69! The society was not at its best that night; there was too much "groping for ideas." What a sense of satisfaction, however, to learn that there was "groping for ideas in '69 as in '02! With the highest appreciation of the purposes of those of the passing generation we supposed that they always had well-established ideas and were ready on all occasions to impart them in entirety to their fellows. Alas, that the truth must out! They had the same shortcomings as ourselves. Human nature seems to change most slowly.

The president—was it in helplessness, or just a lack of tact?—called on a senior, a classmate, for one of the extemporaneous speeches. Why should seniors be expected to speak on practical subjects? They should only appear as though they could. The corresponding secretary should not have chosen the subjects until the Monday morning preceding the meeting, then there would have appealed to him the inspiring theme, "The Advantages of Coeducation," one so old and yet always new, upon which Hemingway would be the only eligible speaker.

But the extempore, "The Charleston Exposition." It has been proved that the Liberty Bell was there. The papers showed pictures of it leaving Philadelphia. The associated press reported its arrival in Charleston. What more conclusive evidence could an authority submit? The speaker materially narrowed the subject when he chose to speak of,"The Liberty Bell and the Exposition." He certainly voiced the sentiments of Phi Kappa Pi when he hoped the Exposition would be a financial success, a material advance over other expositions.

Would that space would permit to tell of the time when that tried member, one Beatty Leroy Laird, answered to roll call. The roll was called just before adjournment to ascertain the attendance at the contest of the preceding week, but Laird did not know its significance. Upon the calling of his name he arose and very graciously thanked the society for such a mark of recognition—as though it would slight such a one. Then again of the time when Stanley Livingston was adjudged incompetent to hold the office of secretary. It took a long time to do that. Again, of Reed, the corresponding secretary, who assigned the extemporaneous speeches on matters of which he alone could speak—but he could speak on all things.

Goodbye, readers of the Annual, though we say it regretfully, there are other members in Phi Kappa Pi of whom we could say nice things, but our space forbids.

AELIOIAN.

Both members short and members tall
And members thick and thin,
Thrice happily in Sturges Hall
Dame Autumn ushers in.

Thrice happily, I say, she greets
Both members dark and fair,
For she is positive, you see,
No naughty-ones are there.

No naughty-ones who laugh and joke
On subjects far from gay,
And talk in flippant tone about
The proper time to pray.

When hard oppressed in argument
A naughty-one would say,
That she preferred by far to skate
In the coolness of the day.

When naughty-ones ruled Aelioian,
They chose such foolish themes!
They talked of marriages and divorce,
And wrote twice twenty reams.

But now the naughty-ones are gone;
We know not where nor whence.
But let the good ones who are left
Show that they have some sense.

Dame Autumn now is in her grave
Eleven weeks or more,
And Lady Spring in garments green
Is standing at the door.

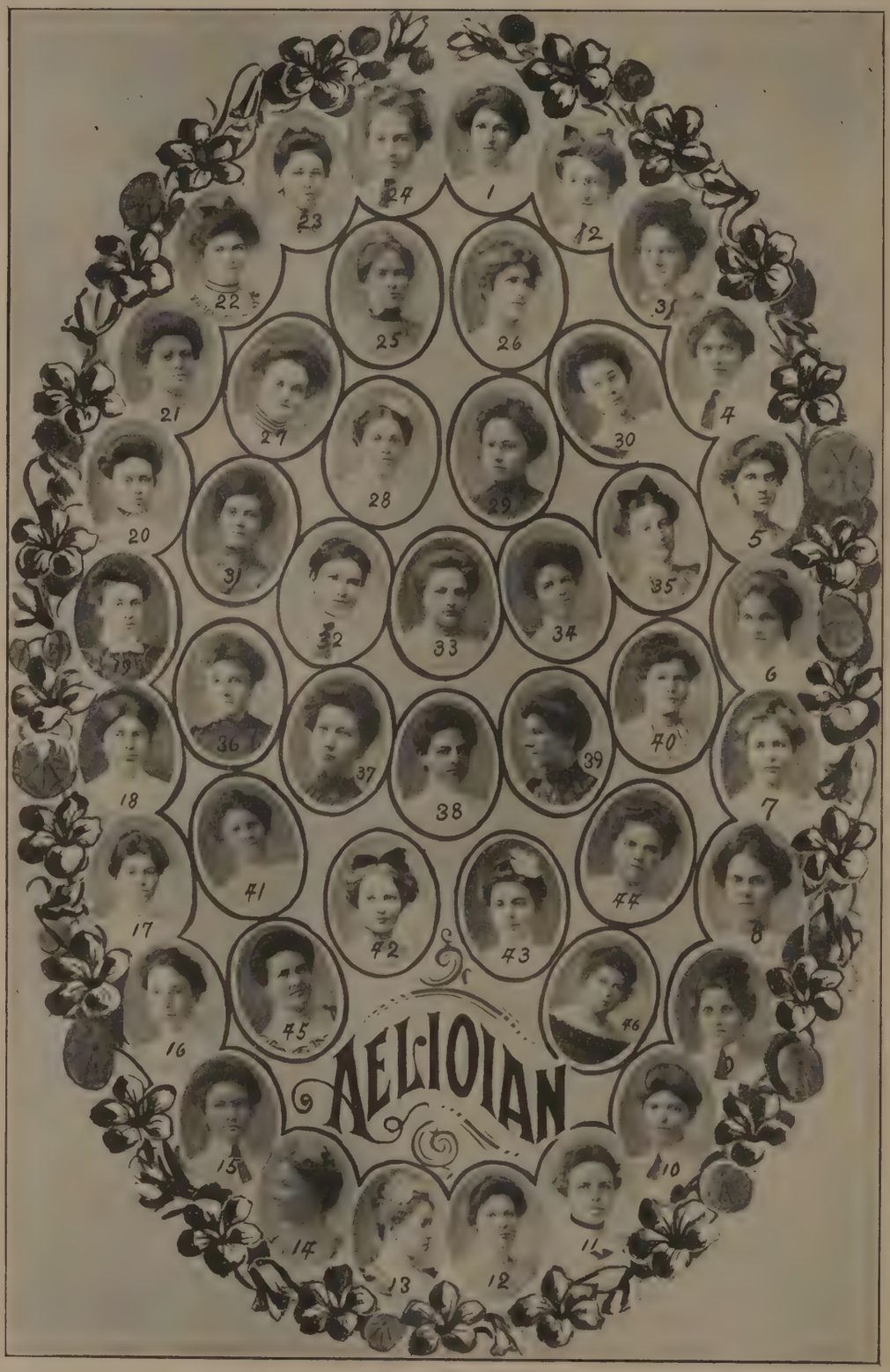
What can you tell us, gentle Spring,
Of Aelioian, our Pride?
And are the good ones conquering
Where the bad ones bled and died?

Such themes as marriage and divorce,
Are they quite gone to stay?
And does telegraphy sans wire
Fill each extemporé?

Sweet Spring, she tore her golden hair
And dropped a bitter tear.
"Oh, would," she sobbed and moaned aloud,
"The naughty-ones were here.

"For though they argued oft of love
And other subjects queer,
They never with a Birdseye view,
Said, 'Home is woman's sphere.'"

The reason is not far to seek,
I'll whisper it to you—
Although the naughty-ones are gone,
Some still are naughty, too.


AELIOIAN

AELIOIAN.

SENIORS.

1. ELLEN H. BIRDSEYE,
2. ROSEMARY BUTTON,
3. GEORGIA M. CARROTHERS,
4. ALICE B. CHARLES,
5. FLORENCE A. CROCKER,
6. HELEN C. CHUTE,
7. CLARA L. DARST,
8. MARY A. EDWARDS,
9. GLENNA M. HOSTETTER,
10. HELEN HOUGH,
11. IRIS L. JOHNSON,
12. EDNA M. KLEINSMID,
13. LAURA A. MERRILL,
14. MARGARET MERRILL,
15. MABEL C. PRICE,
16. MABEL A. SOUTHWORTH,
17. FANNY A. WHITE,
18. SARAH E. WILSON,
19. HELEN M. WRIGHT.

JUNIORS.

20. EMILY M. ABBOTT.
21. FAITH S. BROWN,
22. MARY R. COCHRAN,
23. ANNA M. CROWE,
24. ANNA M. CRISMAN,
25. KATHERINE M. DAUGHERTY,
26. EDITH E. GRAY,
27. LIZABETH F. JACKSON,
28. HARRIETT A. JENNEY,
29. VINNIE D. LETTS,
30. MYRA L. MYRICK,
31. DELLA E. PURCELL,
32. MARY E. RYDER,
33. SARAH L. SANBORN.

SOPHOMORES.

34. MARIE E. COLE,
35. FRANCIS G. KNOX,
36. GRACE A. GOULD,
37. IDA M. HILL,
38. ADELAIDE G. HEMINGWAY,
39. SARAH GRANT LAIRD,
40. MINA J. MEADE,
41. ANNIE MILLER.
42. ABBIE S. MILLER,
43. ANSTICE C. NEWTON,
44. LUCILE REED,
45. LAMIRA H. TREAT.

FRESHMAN.

46. FRANCES V. FRISBIE.

PHI DELTA.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

G. F. WRIGHT, '59,
E. I. BOSWORTH, '83,
F. ANDREGG, '85,
G. M. JONES, '94,
J. R. MILLER, '00.

SENIORS.

1. C. W. BALKE,
2. G. A. PHILLIPS,
3. E. C. ROBERTS,
13. M. C. SMITH,
5. H. C. TRACY.

JUNIORS.

6. W. W. BEAL,
7. C. H. BURR,
8. P. O. CLARK,
29. H. P. GRABILL,
10. D. R. GREGG,
11. C. N. LANGSTON,
12. J. B. MILLER.

SOPHOMORES.

4. W. S. COCHRAN,
14. C. L. CHUTE,
15. C. J. FORD,
16. ADDISON GULICK,
17. P. D. HILLIS,
18. A. S. MANN,
19. L. D. WOODRUFF.

FRESHMEN.

20. R. R. CLEVERDON,
21. R. M. CASE,
26. H. A. CLARK,
23. M. E. CHAMBERLAIN,
25. L. V. LAMPSON,
22. W. G. MALLORY,
27. H. H. ROSS,
28. C. L. SENTZ.
24. D. C. JONES,


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Phi Delta.

FRIENDS and fellow students: We are glad to look into your faces from the cheerful pages of the Hi-O-Hi. It is a full year since we have had that pleaure, but in that year we have passed thro' many experiences, as you also have, no doubt. Some were pleasant and some were not. The first event, perhaps, was the loss of our senior members. It was a bereavement indeed. Bush was in our society—you may have heard of him. Who can tell all we lost at his departure? Surely, only a good pair of scales would measure the loss. But even if he is no longer with us, we feel that whatever else he may become, the society may always point to him as the ideal result of a college course—an all-round man.

Others we lost, but for fear you may not be familiar with their names we shall pass over many. Frost was somewhat of a celebrity, however, and we all missed him when he was gone. It cast a chill over the society when Frost left. He was a man condemned by fate always to be misunderstood, for we remember how often his most serious statements were taken as jokes, and his best jokes as dead earnest.

But we would in no wise speak lightly of those who are past and gone, especially since there are those with us now who can furnish a merry jest. Look again into our faces, and do you not see one among them so striking as to attract notice? Ah! I fear you do not, for altho' the resemblance is most evident, many of you have never seen Carrie Nation. Now you comprehend! It is our ardent reformer, he who would cleanse our politics, and drive intemperance from the land, alone, single-handed: it is Roberts. Perhaps that is enough said; you know the story of the army canteen too well, and so do we. We have heard it a score of times, nay, scores of times; and lest we weary you, as it has wearied us, no further details will be given.

But look again among the faces and perhaps you will notice another one of promise. It is that man with the earnest face and piercing gaze, whose every lieament marks the genius. 'Tis Woodruff, an orator and the brother of an orator, a worthy sophomore, and Phi Delta's brightest star. He has brought the society its only victory of the year, the victory in oratory.

And do you see, too, in our number, the genial face of him who, for the first semester of this year, was responsible for the Oberlin Review? He was the sunshine of our lives while he was here, and now that Mr. Smith has gone to the sunny south, we often think of him with fond remembrance. But here we pause for lack of men of whom to speak; to be sure, Mr. Miller is one of us, but he speaks for himself.

Phi Delta has been a small society for several years—hardly thirty in number—and her famous men are just now few, but of course if you insist that it is quality and not quantity, which we have, there is no escaping the compliment.

Lesbian.

FOR a long time there has been the need of a young women's literary society in the academy. During the fall term such a movement was proposed and a request, signed by a large number of young women, was presented to the faculty. It met with approval, and the young women at once appointed a committee to draw up a constitution. On the first Monday of the winter term, a meeting was held in room twenty-nine, Peter's Hall, and the constitution, presented by the committee, was adopted and signed by thirty-two young women.

Upon the suggestion of two members of the faculty, to whom the society is greatly indebted, the name Lesbian was chosen. Since Lesbos was the home of Sappho who founded what may be called the first women's literary club, the name was considered appropriate for the first society among the young women of the academy.

Since then the enrollment has increased to thirty-six active and two honorary members. The meetings have been of interest and have shown considerable talent in literary ability.

The aim is to do the work conscientiously and with feeling rather than to attempt a large amount, and is well expressed in the motto, "Labor est voluptas."




LESBIAN
SOCIETY

LESBIAN.

1. MAMIE ASHBURY,
2. MABEL BARROWS,
   HELEN BRAND,
3. ALICE CROCKET,
4. ALICE COLE,
5. BERTHA CARTER,
   ALICE DURAND,
6. LILLIAN FREDERICK,
7. LOUISE GULICK,
8. ANNA GILBERT,
9. IDA HASKINS,
10. BESSIE HILDEBRAND,
11. FRANCIS JONES,
12. L. H. JOHNSON,
13. PAULINE JOHNSON,
14. ETHEL LONG,
15. MYRTLE McCORMICK,
16. CLARA NOLL,
17. GRACE NICKERSON,
18. GERTRUDE OBERLIN,
19. FAITH PARMELEE,
20. LOUISE RODENBECK,
21. NELLIE SMITH,
22. LILY SMITH,
23. AMY SMITH,
24. GERTRUDE SMITH,
25. KATHERINE SHELDON,
26. MARIAN STOYELL,
27. LUCILE SYLVESTER,
28. ANNA WATSON,
29. FLORENCE WAITE,
30. ANNA WILCOX,
31. JULIA WOOD,
32. ALICE WOODS.

CADMEAN.



E. F. Eminger. I. S. Lindquist. D. W. Updegraff G. E. Stearns. C. Gallager. D. R. Born. C. F. Rogers.
G. H. Krafts. R. H. Long. L. U. Todd. E. A. Smith. R. R. Carpenter. B. J. Cox.
G. H. Smithkons. A. S. Kibler. J. G. Carrothers. A. P. Rank. L. H. Bent. M. Shank.

ACME.



E. K. Solether. J. R. Knapp. A. W. Evans.
C. A. Dowd. E. R. Tabor. R. R. Church. E. Wertheim. A. F. Gerber. H. Blevins.
*C. P. McCormick. *R. B. Ketcham. C. M. Snyder. *C. J. Peck. *W. H. Wachs. H. A. Stick.
F. A. Norwood. A. B. Conkey. E. E. Pratt. L. Feit. R. G. Van Nuys.

*Union Annual Speakers.



Y. M. C. A.

The first year of the Y. M. C. A. under the leadership of a general secretary has been productive of results gratifying, beyond all expectations, the anticipations of its members.

During the year special meetings have been conducted by the association for the two-fold purpose of arousing a deeper Christian spirit among the men of the institution, and of presenting the needs of Christian service, both in home and foreign lines of work. Among the speakers at these meetings have been such men as E. T. Colton, Student Secretary of the West; Robert E. Speer, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Rev. John N. Forman, of India; Rev. Howard Taylor, of China; F. C. Green, of the Cleveland Y. M. C. A.; Professors H. C. King and E. I. Bosworth, of our own faculty, and C. C. Fuller, a former seminary student.

With the membership roll increased from 125 to 200, resulting in an increase of about thirty in the average attendance at the Sabbath prayer-meetings, and with the splendid enthusiasm of the members which has been so manifested by the interest taken in Bible study work and in other lines of Christian activity, the association may well feel that the year has marked an epoch in the religious life of the college.



OFFICERS.

KATHARINE CRAFTS, '03.....President
MARY COCHRAN, '03.....Vice-President
MARY HILLIS, '04.....Corresponding Secretary
EVA SWEET, '05.....Recording Secretary
ALICE CAREY, '03.....Treasurer

THE Young Women's Christian Association is one of the great forces of college life in Oberlin. It unites the women of the institution in one common purpose and aim.

The weekly prayer meetings have been interesting and practical, and the leaders have chosen subjects which were of great help to all. This year, more women from the conservatory and academy have become members than ever before and this is due to the faithful work of the membership committees. No secretary has visited the association, but the enthusiasm for work has not waned. Twelve delegates were sent to the State convention at Hiram and it is hoped that many will attend the summer conferences.

The year has been a very successful one in every respect, and there is reason to believe that next year will see a continuance of this prosperity.



The Student Volunteers.

ONE of the auxiliaries of the college Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. is the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. The movement is the crystallization of the mission interests and enterprises of the associations. While the band has officers and a constitution of its own, it is really a department of the association work and is under the supervision of the association's missionary committee.

Oberlin, interested in missions, from the very day of her founding, was one of the first American colleges to adopt the volunteer movement as the expression of her missionary vitality. The first meeting of Oberlin volunteers was held on Thanksgiving Day, 1886. There were 96 members in that first band, only 24 of whom reached the foreign field. But of that 24 some were accorded the high privilege of pouring out their blood for Christ's sake upon the field of Shansi.

The volunteers have a weekly meeting for prayer and conference. Not infrequently they listen to some missionary fresh from the front and discuss with him practical ways and means of campaigning. Very often the veterans talk to the young recruits more confidentially than is possible to larger audiences.

The volunteer band also fosters the study of missions, taking peculiar interest in the club annually organized for that purpose. The band has a committee on outside work whose function it is to furnish speakers to churches and Christian Endeavor societies when missionary topics are to be discussed.

The Oberlin volunteers have sought this year to do an intensive rather than an extensive work. Men and women have not been solicited to volunteer. The thought has been that if there comes to Oberlin a real quickening of spiritual life, the number of those enlisting in the great, world-wide service will be sufficient.

THE VOLUNTEERS, 1901-02.

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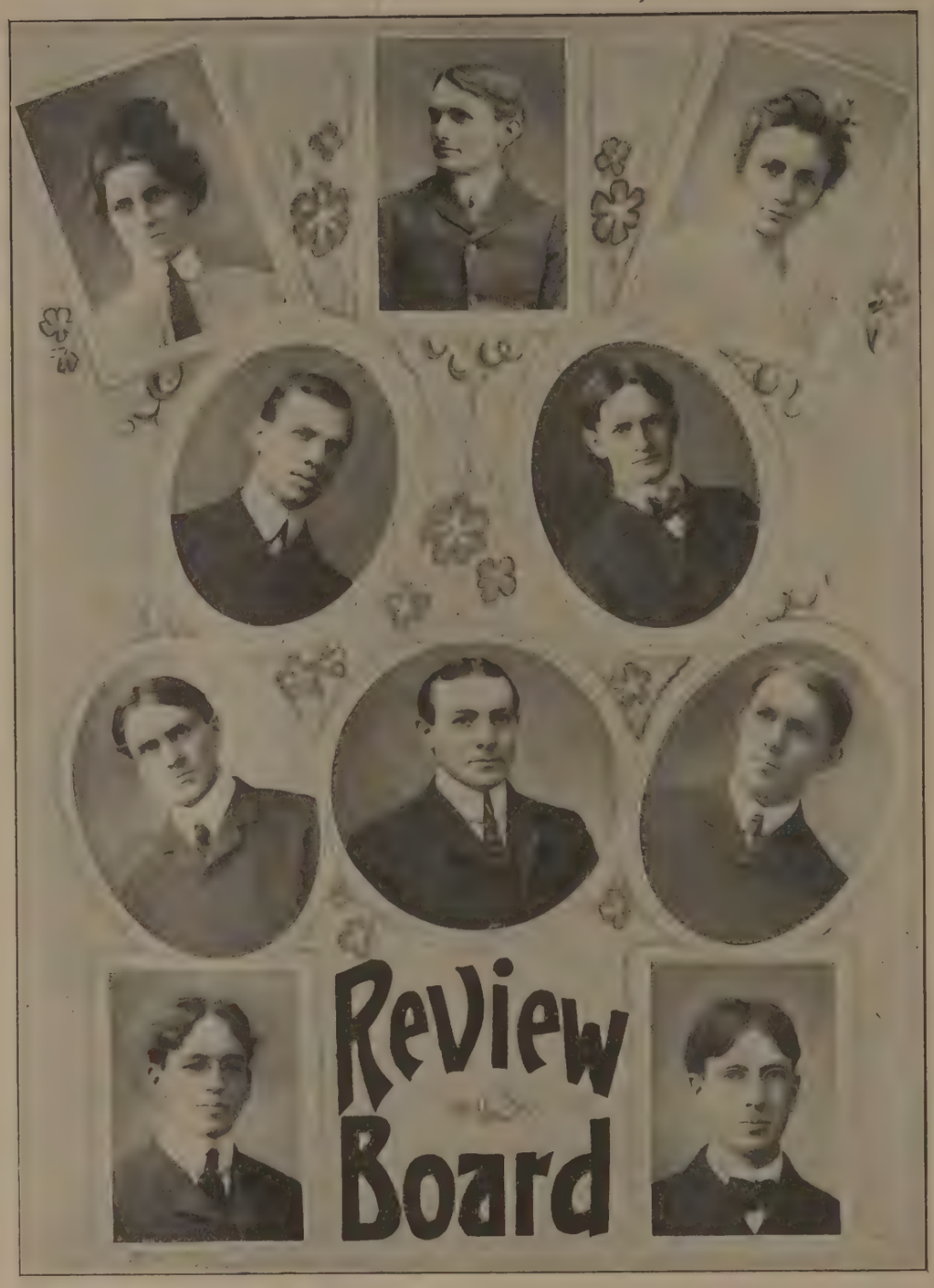
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HAMLIN GARLAND.....December 6, 1901
JACOB RIIS.....January 14, 1902
HAMILTON W. MABIE.....January 31, 1902
ROBERT J. BURDETTE.....March 7, 1902
SENATOR J. P. DOLIVER.....March 18, 1902



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HOLIDAY CONCERTS, DECEMBER 12 AND 13, 1901.

Messiah.

SOLOISTS.

Soprano .....SARA ANDERSON, New York
Alto .....SUE HARRINGTON FURBECK, Chicago
Tenor .....THOMAS HENDERSON, Cleveland
Bass .....HERBERT WITHERSPOON, New York

COMMENCEMENT CONCERTS, JUNE 24 AND 25, 1902.

Messa Sollenis, in D—Beethoven.

SOLOISTS.

Soprano .....EFFIE STEWART
Alto .....MARY LOUISE CLARY
Tenor .....ELLISON VAN HOOSE
Bass .....JULIAN WALKER





CONSERVATORY STRING ORCHESTRA.

PROF. GEORGE W. ANDREWS, Director

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PROFESSOR F. G. DOOLITTLE,
MISS BACON,
MISS BEARD,
MR. BELLAMY,
MISS FARREN,
MR. HAYS,
MISS HARRINGTON,
MISS PARKER,
MR. SLOANE.

Second Violin.

MR. ANDREWS,
MR. BEMIS,
MR. DEMUTH,
MR. JORDAN,
MISS MAYHEW,
MISS RIDGWAY,
MISS SHUTTS,
MISS WILSON.

Viola.

MR. J. A. DEMUTH,
MISS ALLEN.

Violoncello.

MR. C. P. DOOLITTLE,
MR. CHAMBERLAIN,
MR. HARRINGTON.

Double Bass.

MR. E. A. HEACOX.



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ARTHUR PROSSER.

Second Tenor.

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CLARENCE T. ROOME,
RICHARD M. JONES,
EARL F. ADAMS,
PARRY D. JENKINS.

Baritone.

STANLEY C. LIVINGSTON,
CHESTER G. LIVINGSTON,
SAMUEL C. HOTCHKISS,
ERNEST B. CHAMBERLAIN,
ALBERT B. CONKEY.

Bass.

CLARENCE D. BRADLEY,
GAYLORD N. BEBOUT,
WALTER J. SPERRY,
G. ARTHUR PHILLIPS,
JOHN E. WIRKLER.

The College Glee Club.

THERE was an interesting crowd at the railroad station late in the afternoon of December 16. After a week more or less of rushing and cramming the members of the glee club were bidding adieu to "Old Oberlin," or a big part of it, at least, as they started out on their holiday concert tour. With the "Hi-O-Hi" and "Rickety-Ax" resounding in their ears the members of Oberlin's musical team sat back in their seats as the Lake Shore train pulled away from the station. They realized once more that they were not off for simply a lark or good time, but that they were speeding away to represent the Crimson and the Gold not only in Ohio but also in the States of Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado.

How well they represented Oberlin! The trip of this year was the most successful from every standpoint in the history of the organization and Oberlin's name is today better and more favorably known than ever in that part of the middle west whence she receives so many of her students. Covering a distance of thirty-six hundred miles and singing continuously for twenty-three nights, not a poor concert was given nor was aught but praise bestowed upon the club.

But the secret of the year's success, to what is it due? Most of all to the boys; but to the manager, Professor Peck, and the director, Stanley Livingston, '02, a great share is due. With manager, director and club all working loyally together, Oberlin's glee club this year has brought an abundance of glory and honor to the institution. May it always be thus and may the Annual every year in the future have a testimony from the club equal to this.

SEASON OF 1901-2.

December 16—Toledo, Ohio.
" 17—Cedar Falls, Iowa.
" 18—Ft. Dodge, Iowa.
" 19—Manson, Iowa.
" 20—Newton, Iowa.
" 21—Afton, Iowa.
" 23—Clarinda, Iowa.
" 24—Red Oak, Iowa.
" 25—Shenandoah, Iowa.
" 26—Lincoln, Neb.
" 27—Hastings, Neb.
" 28—Cripple Creek, Col.
" 30—Colorado Springs, Col.
" 31—Denver, Col.

January 1—Grand Island, Neb.
" 2—Madison, Neb.
" 3—Fremont, Neb.
" 4—Randolph, Neb.
" 6—Sioux City, Iowa.
" 7—Webster City, Iowa.

March 26—Cleveland, Ohio.
" 27—Oberlin, Ohio.

April 2—Chardon, Ohio.
" 3—Collinwood, Ohio.
" 7—Sharon, Pa.
" 8—Warren, Ohio.

HOME CONCERT,

March 27, 1902.

PROGRAM.

PART I.

1. The Song of the Triton ..... Malloy
   Glee Club.
2. Medley ..... Oberlin
   Glee Club.
3. Abscence ..... Abt
   Glee Club.
4. Solo—King Charles ..... Maude White
   Mr. Livingston.
5. The Tremendous Tree .....
   Glee Club.
6. Annie Laurie ..... Dudley Buck
   Glee Club.
7. In a Gondola ..... Meyer-Helmund
   Mr. Livingston and Glee Club.
8. A Farm-Yard Idyl .....
   Mr. Conkey and Glee Club.
9. Pilgrims' Chorus ..... Wagner
   Glee Club.

PART II.

Kinder Symphonie ..... Romberg

Rendered by the Royal Gypsie Orchestra, under the direction of Farenz Hubeantgossary.

1. "Allegro Maestoso."
2. "Minuetto."
3. "Adagio Lamentabile."
4. "Allegretto."
5. "Presto."

PART III.

A group of College Songs—

Chapel Steps.
Cotton Dolly.
Down on the Banks of Plum Creek.
Kentucky Babe.
How Sweet This Life Would Be.
Stem Song.
Knights of the Golden O.
Thou Art My Own Love.
Reunion Song.

Letters Written on the Glee Club Trip.

(Read and copied by Walter Sperry before they were enclosed in envelope.)

Cedar Falls, Iowa, December 18, 1901.

My Dear Bellows:

The boys on the club think they have a great joke on Toledo and on me. When I heard we were to sing in Toledo, knowing the town as I do, I kindly offered to guide them from the station to the church. That cussed old Dorr street car line as usual was out of whack and thinking the Short Belt line would do just as well I told them to get on the first car that came along. This they did and after riding five blocks I happened to remember we were going the wrong direction, so I had to have the boys get off and walk back with luggage and all to the depot. The Dorr street car arrived, however, after waiting twenty minutes, and we finally reached the church, though late for the concert.

However, "Old Slats," Toledo is all right just the same. Why, look whom the town has sent to Oberlin. There is Jim Cameron, "Shep" Wertheim and myself. What Ohio town can boast of more worthy representatives?

Say, "Slats," you know Seymour, don't you? Well, what is that guy doing this vacaation but spending his time in Salem. But, still, I have received two letters already from her, so he can't be doing much.

Your loyal townsman,

SAM.

Denver, Colo., December 31, 1901.

Dear Harry:

Gee, boy, you ought to see the girls out here in Colorado—actually I like them almost as well as New Yorkers and Clevelanders. The club had a party yesterday at Colorado Springs and I met a Miss Whiting who is certainly a "beaner." I took her to the concert in the evening and spent the rest of the evening with her. But the best of it all is that she not only promised to do it, but actually had a light at the window as the train pulled by her house at four o'clock this morning. I gave her the Chautauqua Salute as we passed by. Whew! but it was good of her.

Your fellow "Beef-staker," DAVE.

P. S.—Don't tell anyone; but I swiped a picture of Faith at Para Love's in Fremont.

Grand Island, Neb., January 1, 1902.

My dear "Smoothie":

I am certainly glad to think of getting back once more to Chicago; it seems so far away out here and so small compared with Chicago. Actually, I haven't seen a decent barber shop since I left Chicago, unless it was at Clarinda, where they shaved me twice for a quarter, and I have visited the barber shops in every town where we have been.

Your humble servant,

"MAC."

Webster City, Iowa, January 8, 1902.

My dear Tye:

Actually my poor heart is sad after leaving Sioux City. What do you think I found out there: that Agnes is really engaged to another man and that there is no hope for me. It was hard to put up with—but perhaps "there are others."

Your roommate,

CLARENCE.

Omaha, Neb., December 27, 1901.

Mr. C. R. Kimball, Madison, Ohio.

Dear "Slats":—It is seldom that Uncle Sam has to take my mail in but the one direction, Belgium, so you may feel honored to receive an epistle from my humble hand. But, old boy, I write tonight especially to you for sympathy, for I haven't received a letter—the real think, you know—for three days. Do you think my ship has failed to come in? Write soon to,

DICK.

January 1, En route towards Grand Island, Neb.

My dear Milton:

You may talk about your Eastern girls all you want to, but Denver beats anything I have ever seen. My goodness, Artie Prosser and I have had some lively experiences in Cripple Creek and Denver! I'll tell you about them later, but my eyes have certainly been opened out here. The boys call me "Camille" now—I'll tell you why when I see you. If you see Bruce Davis give him my love (?) (?). Yours,

G. ARTHUR PHILLIPS.



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REBECCA SHOTWELL,
MIRIAM HAAS,
ETHEL HOGUE,
CAROLYN SHEFFIELD,

Second Soprano.

BERNICE McMILLEN,
MINNA MEAD,
ELIZABETH WILLARD,
BESSIE WILLISTON,
FLORENCE POND.

First Alto.

HELEN RAY,
FLORENCE AYRES,
GERTRUDE LEEPER,
EDITH TERPENING,
EMMA HOLLOWAY.

Second Alto.

CLARA HIRST,
HARRIET COUGHTRY,
GAIL RIDGWAY,
ANNA SIMPSON,
MERRY BEVERSTOCK.



STUDENT BAND.

Cornets.

E. L. SAMPSON,
J. O. RICHARDS,
C. T. ROOME.

Clarinets.

E. T. ROBINSON,
C. R. NICHOLS,
W. G. MALLORY,
E. K. SOLETHER.

Piccolo.

H. A. MILLER.

Altos.

E. P. EDWARDS,
L. D. MILLER,
R. O. BARTHOLOMEW,
RAY JORDAN.

Tenor.

R. WILSON.

Baritone.

T. A. BELLAMY.

Slide Trombone.

R. C. SLOANE.

Saxophone.

O. S. EATON.

Tuba.

G. C. ROSS.

Drums.

SNARE

D. B. GROSVENOR,
H. L. BLAND.

BASS

G. L. SCOTT.



CONTESTS



HOME ORATORICAL CONTEST.

First Church, February 21, 1902.

Presiding Officer, HAROLD B. REED.

PROGRAM.

1. C. W. Balke ..... "John Brown"
2. E. C. Hamilton
   "Webster's Support of Compromise of 1850"
3. †J. A. Williams "Crime Against America"
   Solo—Mr. Stanley C. Livingston.
4. ‡F. L. Von Lubken
   "Bismarck as a Patriot"
5. G. C. Wilkinson
   "Affection, a Nation's Bulwark"
6. *L. D. Woodruff ..... Gettysburg
   Solo—Mr. G. Arthur Phillips.



---

* Awarded first place.
‡ Awarded second place.
† Awarded third place.



INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY VS. OBERLIN.

Question: "Resolved, That, barring the determination of the question by the decision of the Supreme Court, the Porto Rican tariff is constitutional."

Affirmative.	*Negative.*
O. W. U.	OBERLIN.
W. M. WHITNEY,	C. R. CROSS,
D. F. EDWARDS,	A. T. HEMINGWAY,
W. E. LOWTHER.	R. V. HILL.

Decision in favor of the affirmative.

INTER-SOCIETY DEBATES.

PHI KAPPA PI—ALPHA ZETA.

Sturges Hall, Jan. 20, 1902

Question: "Resolved, That the United States is unwise in holding alien territory."

Affirmative.	*Negative.*
ALPHA ZETA.	PHI KAPPA PI.
J. Q. BOSSELMAN, '03,	J. R. MORGAN, '03,
A. R. EDGERTON, '04,	F. C. VAN CLEEF, '04,
E. J. MOORE, '03.	E. C. HAMILTON, '05.

Decision in favor of the negative.

PHI DELTA—ALPHA ZETA.

Sturges Hall, March 10, 1902.

Question: "Disregarding any congressional action, resolved that the United States should construct and maintain a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama in preference to any other route."

Affirmative.	*Negative.*
ALPHA ZETA.	PHI DELTA.
E. K. CHAPMAN, '03,	H. P. GRABILL, '03,
JAMES EARL, '05,	J. B. MILLER, '03,
WINFRED ALTVATER, '05,	W. W. BEAL, '03.

Decision in favor of the affirmative.

PHI DELTA—PHI KAPPA PI.

Sturges Hall, April, 1902.

Question: "Resolved, That there should be an educational qualification for voters throughout the United States."

Affirmative.	*Negative.*
PHI DELTA.	PHI KAPPA PI.
L. V. LAMPSON, '05.	W. F. ANDREWS, '03,
C. H. BURR, '03,	JOHN RUDIN, '05,
C. L. SENTZ, '05.	W. J. RYAN, '03.

ANNUAL CONTEST OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.

Sturges Hall, March 17, 1902.

PROGRAM.

HELEN CHUTE, '02 Chairman.

1. Debate. Question—"Resolved, That the aim of a college student should be for general culture, rather than special preparation."
   Affirmative .....Miss Jones, L. L. S.
   Negative .....Miss Birdseye, Aelioian
2. Essay—"Mrs. Humphrey Ward".....Miss Crocker, Aelioian
3. Essay—"The Mountains of Colorado".....Miss Strong, L. L. S.
4. Oration—"Eighteen Centuries of Martyrdom"..Miss Johnson, Aelioian
5. Oration—"A Crisis in French History".....Miss Carey, L. L. S.
6. Story—"Father Gray" .....Miss White, Aelioian
7. Story—"What's in a Name?".....Miss Brown, L. L. S.

Decision of the judges: Debate, L. L. S.; Essay, L. L. S.; Oration, L. L. S.; Story, a tie.

SOPHOMORE ORATORIAL CONTEST.

Sturges Hall, March 24, 1902.

PROGRAM.

1. Essay—"The Children of the Sun".....Miss Marie Cole, Aelioian
2. "The Dusky Emancipator".....A. R. Edgerton, *Alpha Zeta
3. "Savonarola, the Restorer of Florentine Liberties".....
   .....Eric Anderson, Phi Kappa Pi
   Music—Solo ..... Miss Burr
4. "America Reunited"—William McKinley.....A. S. Mann, Phi Delta
5. "The Educated Man in Politics".....M. F. Parmelee, Alpha Zeta
6. "The First American".....F. C. Van Cleef, †Phi Kappa Pi
   Music—Solo ..... Mr. Lightner

*Awarded first place. †Awarded second place.

CLUBS

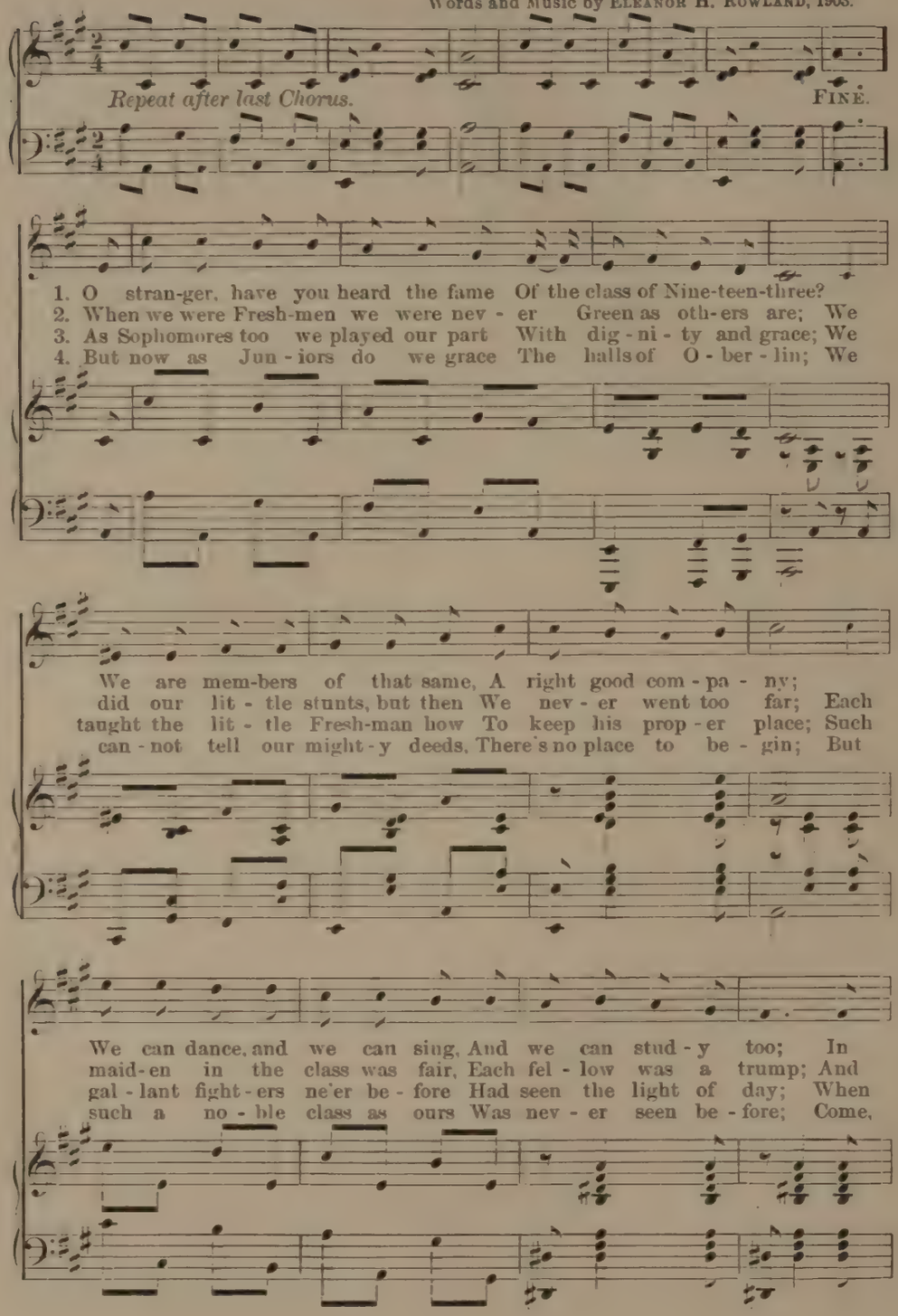


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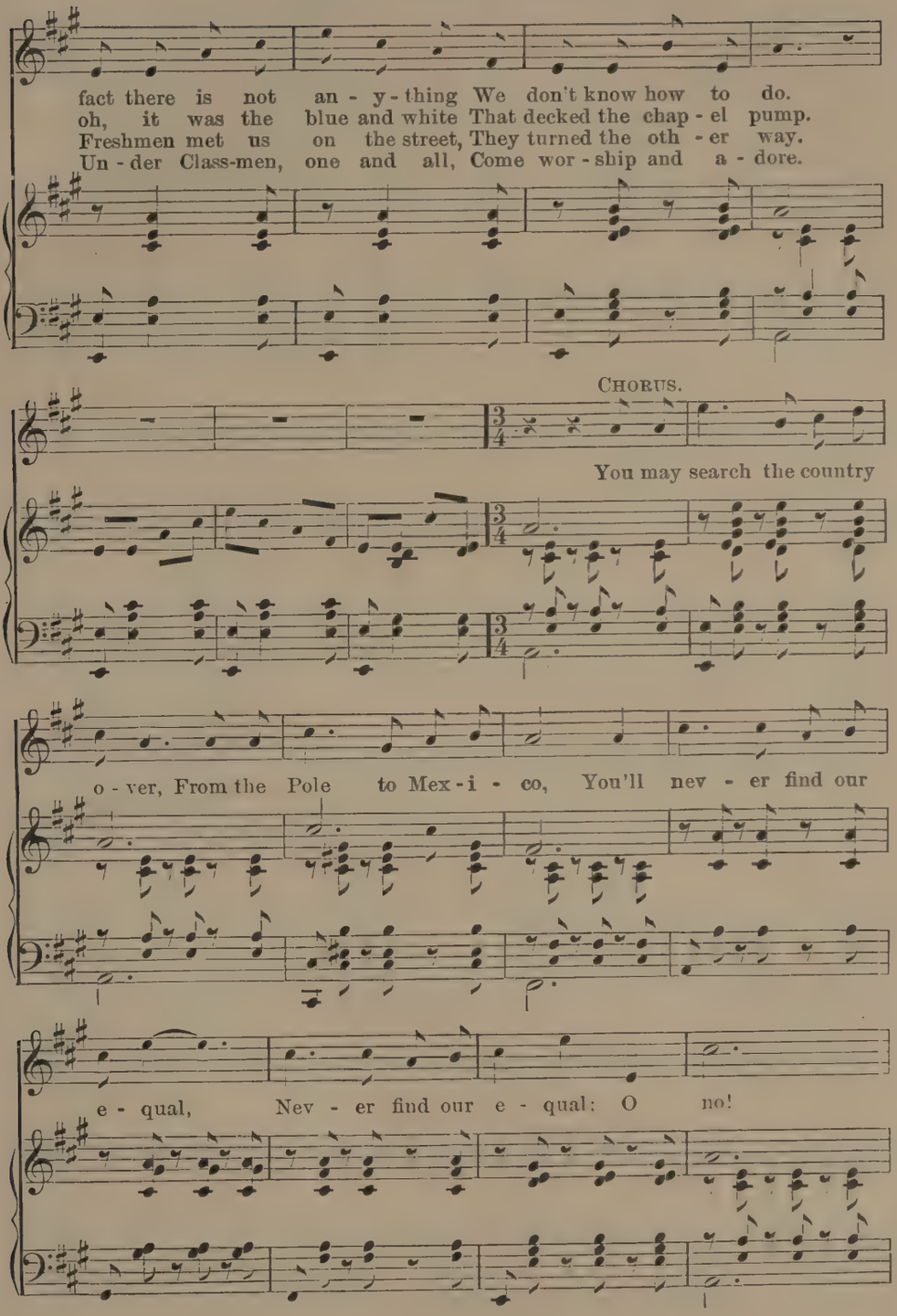
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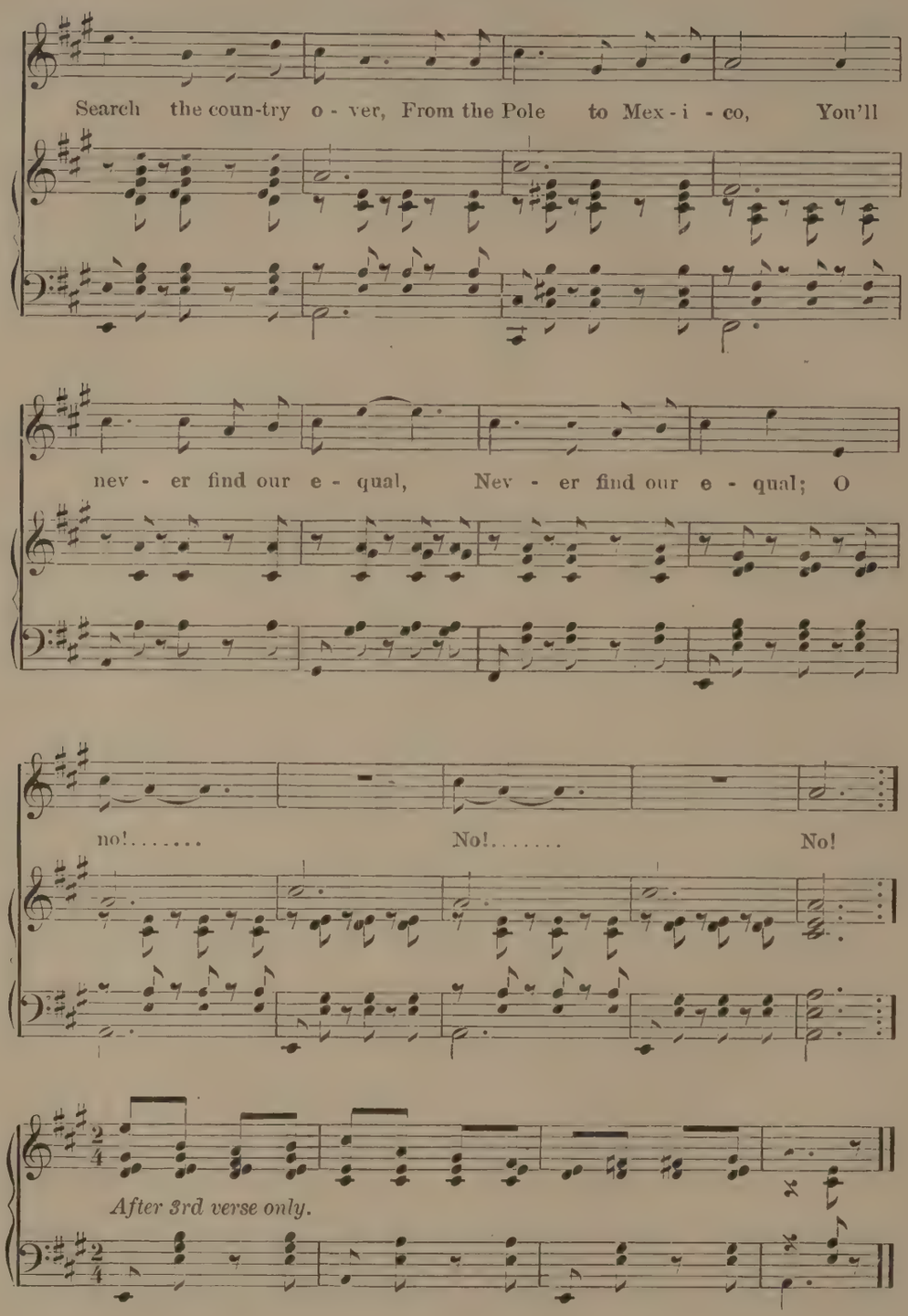
CLASS SONG. (1903.)

Words and Music by ELEANOR H. ROWLAND, 1903.



Class Song. (1903.)




Search the coun-try o - ver, From the Pole to Mex - i - co, You'll
nev - er find our e - qual, Nev - er find our e - qual; O
no!..... No!..... No!
After 3rd verse only.

Athletics



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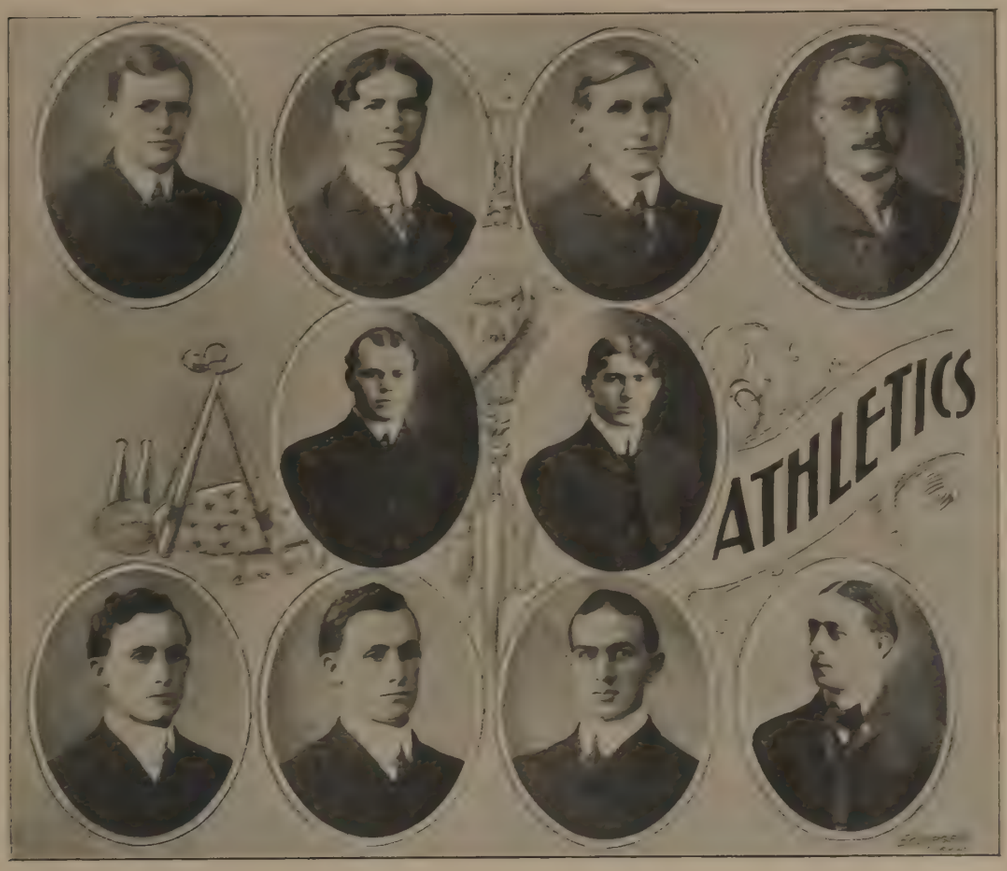
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PROFESSOR F. E. LEONARD, Secretary, G. M. JONES.

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MR. E. A. MILLER, '97.

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MR. E. A. LIGHTNER, '03.



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WIN FAUVER ..... Coaches
GAR FAUVER.

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WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD, '02 ..... Manager

BASE BALL.

ALBERT L. HOLTER, '04 ..... Captain
HOWARD P. GRABILL, '03 ..... Manager

TRACK TEAM.

LUCIUS S. MILLER, '04 ..... Captain
HARRY L. MARSH, '03 ..... Manager

TENNIS.

M. A. LAUGHBAUM ..... Manager



Wearers of The "O."



FOOT BALL.

C. D. BRADLEY, '02,
D. B. BRADLEY, '06,
F. M. DOLAN, '05,
F. M. HATCH, '02,
P. D. HILLIS, '04,
A. L. HOLTER, '04,
R. M. JONES, '02,
C. R. McMILLEN, '03,
L. S. MILLER, '04,
L. C. MONOSMITH, '06,
A. W. MONOSMITH, '02,
J. H. SCROGGIE, '05,
E. E. SHEPLER, '04,
J. P. STIMSON, '06,

BASE BALL.

C. F. AKINS, '06,
A. L. HOLTER, '04,
S. C. HOTCHKISS, '04,
R. M. JONES, '02,
E. A. LIGHTNER, '03,
J. R. MORGAN, '03,
F. H. PEIRCE, '04,
I. W. RANDALL, '05,
M. P. ROBINSON, '02,
A. L. WOODWORTH, '02.

TRACK.

ERIC ANDERSON, '04,
F. L. BICKFORD, '04,
F. M. HATCH, '02,
B. G. HARRISON, '04,
D. W. McMILLEN, '04,
L. S. MILLER, '04.

HONORARY

S. K. THOMPKINS, '01.

FOOT BALL RECORD, 1901.

Sept. 28, at Oberlin	Oberlin	27	Mt. Union	0
Oct. 5, at Oberlin	Oberlin	29	Heidelberg	0
Oct. 12, at Oberlin	Oberlin	27	Kenyon	0
Oct. 17, at Buffalo	Oberlin	0	Univ. of Buffalo	5
Oct. 26, at Ithaca	Oberlin	0	Cornell Univ.	29
Nov. 5, at Oberlin	Oberlin	33	Case	0
Nov. 9, at Oberlin	Oberlin	17	Ohio Wesleyan	6
Nov. 16, at Oberlin	Oberlin	6	Ohio State	0
Nov. 23, at Oberlin	Oberlin	11	Western Reserve	6
Oberlin won 7, lost 2.		150		52

VARSITY BASE BALL GAMES, 1901.

April 27, at Oberlin	Oberlin	2	O. W. U.	1
May 1, at Oberlin	Oberlin	12	Hiram	8
May 4, at Oberlin	Oberlin	5	Kenyon	6
May 11, at Oberlin	Oberlin	19	W. R. U.	1
May 18, at Columbus	Oberlin	2	O. S. U.	8
May 25, at Cleveland	Oberlin	3	Case	2
June 1, at Oberlin	Oberlin	3	Chicago	2
May 20, at Delaware	Oberlin	5	O. W. U.	2
June 7, at Oberlin	Oberlin	6	Chicago	4
Oberlin won 7, lost 2.		59		35



VARSITY FOOT BALL.

D. B. BRADLEY, '06. . .Left End
JESSE PALMER, '06

P. D. HILLIS, '04. . . Left Tackle

E. E. SHEPLER, '04. .Left Guard
W. J. SPERRY, '05

A. W. MONOSMITH, '02, Center

J. H. SCROGGIE, '05.
Right Guard

F. M. DOLAN, '05. Right Tackle

L. C. MONOSMITH, '06, Right End
H. E. FUNK, '05
J. P. STIMSON, '06

A. L. HOLTER, '04. . . . . Full-back

C. R. McMILLEN, '03, Quarter-back
R. M. JONES, '02

C. D. BRADLEY, '02. . .Left Half
L. S. MILLER, '04

F. M. HATCH, '02. . . .Right Half
F. H. PEIRCE, '04



GAMES OF 1902.

September 28—Practice game at Oberlin.

October 4—Heidelberg at Oberlin.

October 11—Wittenberg at Oberlin.

October 18—O. W. U. at Oberlin

October 25—Cornell at Ithaca.

November 1—Case at Oberlin.

November 8—W. R. U. at Oberlin.

November 15—O. S. U. at Columbus.

November 22—U. of M. at Ann Arbor.


OBERLIN
OBERLIN
OBERLIN
OBERLIN
OBERLIN

VARSITY BASE BALL, 1902.

A. L. Holter, Capt., third base.
J. R. Morgan, short-stop.
E. A. Lightner, second base.
E. E. Shepler, first base.
M. P. Robinson, catcher.
S. C. Hotchkiss, right field.
F. H. Pierce, center field.
M. F. Hoopes, left field.
H. M. Bowlus, field.
F. H. Tenney, pitcher.
J. M. Fisher, pitcher.
D. B. Grosvenor, field.
C. F. Akins, pitcher.



SCHEDULE FOR 1902.

April 19, Case at Oberlin.
April 23, U. S. at Oberlin.
April 26, O. W. U. at Oberlin.
April 30, W. R. U. at Oberlin.
May 3, Kenyon at Oberlin.
May 10, O. S. U. at Oberlin.
May 19, U. of M. at Oberlin.
May 24, Case at Cleveland.
May 30, U. of M. at Ann Arbor.
May 31, U. of C. at Chicago.
June 6, O. W. U. at Delaware.
June 7, O. S. U. at Columbus.
June 12, Cornell at Oberlin.


Oberlin 65 - O.S.U 33

FIELD DAY, MAY 18, 1901.

TRACK EVENTS.

100 Yard Dash	C. D. Bradley, '02	10⅘ seconds.
	I. S. Osborne, '04,	
	F. P. Bickford, '04,	
440 Yard Dash	C. M. Woodruff, '01	54⅘ seconds.
	Gordon Griffin, '05,	
	J. L. Laird, '01,	
Half Mile Run	F. L. Bickford, '04	2 minutes 10⅗ seconds.
	Eric Anderson, '04,	
	L. D. Woodruff, '04.	
220 Yard Dash	F. P. Bickford, '04	24⅕ seconds.
	C. M. Woodruff, '01,	
	C. D. Bradley, '02.	
120 Yard Hurdle	D. W. McMillen, '04	17⅗ seconds.
	D. B. Grosvenor, '04,	
	F. C. VanCleef, '04.	
220 Yard Hurdle	D. W. McMillen, '04	28 seconds.
	F. P. Bickford, '04.	
Mile Run	E. H. McDaniels, '05	4 minutes 43⅗ seconds.
	Eric Anderson, '04,	
	Ernest Chamberlain, '04.	

FIELD EVENTS.

Shot Put	F. M. Hatch, '02	36 feet.
	C. D. Bradley, '02,	
	P. D. Hillis, '04.	
Pole Vault	R. W. Foley, '03,	9 feet.
	B. G. Harrison, '04	
	K. L. Keister, '05.	
High Jump	Ernest Chamberlain, '04	5 feet 2 inches.
	H. K. Heebner, '03,	
	I. S. Lindguist, '05.	
Hammer Throw	F. M. Hatch, '02	102 feet 5 inches.
	P. D. Hillis, '04.	
Broad Jump	L. S. Millelr, '04	21 feet 8⅗ inches.
	I. S. Osborne, '04,	
	F. M. Hatch, '02.	
Discus Throw	F. M. Hatch, '02	97 feet.
	D. B. Bradley, '06.	
440 Yard Class Relay Race	'04	49 seconds.
	'01,	
	'02.	

SUMMARY OF POINTS.

1901	1902	1903	1904	Academy
10	23	6	55	12

DUAL TRACK MEET.

May 25, 1901.

OBERLIN—O. S. U.

TRACK EVENTS.

120 Yard Hurdle	D. W. McMillen, O.	17⅗ seconds.
	W. E. Davis, O. S. U.	
220 Yard Dash	H. A. Hyman, O. S. U.	22⅗ seconds.
	F. P. Bickford, O.	
Mile Run	Eric Anderson, O.	4 minutes 5⅗ seconds.
	E. H. McDaniels, O.	
440 Yard Dash	E. M. Shauntz, O. S. U.	55⅕ seconds.
	C. M. Woodruff, O.	
220 Yard Hurdle	D. W. McMillen, O.	27 seconds.
	F. P. Bickford, O.	
	J. L. Connors, O. S. U.	
Half Mile Run	F. L. Bickford, O.	2 minutes 11⅗ seconds.
	Eric Anderson, O.	
100 Yard Dash	I. S. Osborne, O.	10 seconds.
	C. D. Bradley, O.	
Mile Relay	O. S. U.	3 minutes 41⅕ seconds.
	Oberlin.	

FIELD EVENTS.

Discus Throw	F. M. Hatch, O.	99 feet 7⅕ inches.
	Reuben Graham, O. S. U.	
High Jump	P. S. Miller, O. S. U.	5 feet 9 inches.
	E. B. Chamberlain, O.	
	F. R. Kunkle, O. S. U.	
Shot Put	F. M. Hatch, O.	34 feet.
	P. D. Hillis, O.	
Broad Jump	L. S. Miller, O.	20 feet 9 inches.
	W. E. Davis, O. S. U.	
Hammer Throw	F. M. Hatch, O.	95 feet 7 inches.
	P. D. Hillis, O.	
Pole Vault	B. G. Harrison, O.	9 feet 4½ inches.
	R. W. Foley, O.	

SUMMARY OF POINTS.

	Track	Field	Total
Oberlin	33	32	65
O. S. U.	23	10	33

OBERLIN FIELD DAY RECORDS.

Event.	Holder.	Record.
100 Yard Dash	E. H. Boothman, '96	10 seconds.
220 Yard Dash	E. H. Boothman, '96	21⅗ seconds.
440 Yard Dash	C. M. Woodruff, '01	53⅕ seconds.
Half-Mile Run	C. E. Simpson, '99	2 minutes 8⅘ seconds.
Mile Run	E. H. McDaniels, '05	4 minutes 43⅗ seconds.
120 Yard Hurdle	H. Keep, '94	16⅗ seconds.
220 Yard Hurdle	H. A. Young, '97	25⅗ seconds.
Running High Jump	H. K. Regal, '94	5 feet 9 inches.
Running Broad Jump	L. S. Miller, '04	21 feet 8⅗ inches.
Pole Vault	J. M. Davis, '99	10 feet 6 inches.
Hammer Throw	J. M. Davis, '99	111 feet 1 inch.
Shot Put	A. Hall	38 feet ¼ inch.
Discus Throw	F. M. Hatch, '02	101 feet 6½ inches.
One Mile Bicycle	M. D. Walters, '02	2 minutes 25 seconds.
Three Mile Bicycle	P. M. Hodgeman, Con	8 minutes 3 seconds.

OBERLIN FIELD DAY OFFICIALS, 1901.

REFEREE—N. C. PLIMPTON.

STARTER—DR. H. A. YOUNG.

TIMERS—F. E. SHERRILL,
DR. A. M. WEBSTER,
G. M. JONES.

JUDGES—EDGAR FAUVER,
DR. G. C. JAMESON,
PROFESSOR C. E. ST. JOHN.

DUAL TRACK MEET OFFICIALS.

REFEREE—DR. A. M. WEBSTER.

CLERK OF COURSE—
STANLEY C. LIVINGSTON.

STARTER—DR. H. A. YOUNG.

TIMERS—F. E. SHERILL,
W. C. CLANCY,
J. P. THOMAS.

TRACK JUDGES—H. CLARK GOULD,
J. H. YOUNG,
EDGAR FAUVER.

FIELD JUDGES—DR. C. E. ST. JOHN,
EDGAR FAUVER,
DR. G. C. JAMESON.

FIELD DAY RECORDS.

Year	100 Yard Dash	440 Yard Dash	220 Yard Dash	½ Mile Run	Mile Run	120 Yard Hurdle	220 Yard Hurdle	Mile Bicycle	3 Mile Bicycle	Pole Vault	16 Lb. Shot	16 Lb. Hammer	Discus	High Jump	Broad Jump	Class Relay	Mile Walk
										FT. IN.	FT. IN.	FT. IN.	FT. IN.	FT. IN.	FT. IN.		
1890	:10 3/5	:57 3/5	:24 1/5	2:23	5:23 1/5	:19 1/2				8 10	32 6	68		5 6	18 7 1/2		
1891	:10 2/5	:57 2/5	:24 1/5		5:12 2/5	:18				7 6	30 3 1/4	69 6		5 1	18 5 1/2	*1:40 2/5	8:45
1892	:10 2/5	:56 4/5	:24 1/5		4:55 4/5	:19 1/5				8 6	38 1/4	84		5 9	19 1	† :43 2/5	8:55 3/5
1893	:10 1/5	:55 1/5	:21 3/5	2:29 3/5	5:43	:18 3/5	:29			8 8	31 8	83 6		4 9	18 8	?	9:10
1894	:10	:54 2/5	:23	2:16 1/5	5:16 1/5	:16 3/5	:29			9 6	33 7 1/4	100 3 1/2			19 9 1/2	† :44	
1895	:10	:55	:23	2:15 4/5	5:06	:17 1/5	32 3/5			8 10 1/2	32 7	96		5 3	18 10		
1896	:10	:54 2/5	:22 2/5	2:12 3/5	4:53 3/5	:16 3/4	:25 3/5	2:34 3/5		9 8 1/4	33 1	98 2		5 4	20 10 1/4		
1897	:10 2/5	:54 3/5	:23 4/5	2:12 1/5	5:7 1/5	:17 1/5	:27 1/5			9 8 1/2	32 9	111 1		5 2 3/4	20 5 1/4		
1898	:10 1/5	:56 3/5	:22 2/5	2:19 1/5	5:8 3/5	:17 1/5	:27 2/5	2:38 2/5		8 6	33 5 1/2	79 1		5 1	20	‡ :50	
1899	:10 1/5	:53 1/5	:24 1/5	2:8 1/5	4:53 4/5	:17	:27 3/5	2:25	8:3	10 6	34 7 1/2	108 9	92 8	5 6	19 5 1/2	‡ :48 3/5	
1900	:10 3/5	:55 1/5	:22 4/5	2:8 4/5	4:50 3/5	:17 3/5	:28 1/5	2:40 2/5		10 3	35 9	100 6	101 6 1/2	5 5	18 8 2/10	‡ :49 2/5	
1901	:10 4/5	:54 4/5	:24 1/5	2:10 2/5	4:43 2/5	:17 3/5	:28			9 0	36	102 5	97	5 2	21 8 2/5	‡ :49	

* 880 Yards. † 400 Yards. ‡ 440 Yards.

VARSITY BASE-BALL GAMES.

Year	Scores		Oberlin	
	Oberlin	Opponents	Won	Lost
1887	7	8	0	1
1888	11	17	1	1
1889	31	4	3	0
1890	31	27	3	2
1891	15	37	1	3
1892	34	34	3	3
1893	40	39	2	3
1894	134	48	10	3
1895	64	27	4	3
1896	59	53	5	3
1897	103	57	7	2
1898	112	69	9	2
1899	134	52	12	2
1900	67	52	5	6
1901	59	35	7	2
TOTAL,	901	559	72	36

VARSITY FOOT-BALL GAMES.

Year	Scores		Oberlin		
	Oberlin	Opponents	Won	Lost	Tied
1891	36	78	2	3	0
1892	262	30	7	0	0
1893	189	180	6	1	0
1894	153	51	4	3	1
1895	111	48	4	1	1
1896	128	68	5	3	1
1897	114	43	5	1	1
1898	142	6	7	1	0
1899	117	162	3	4	0
1900	67	62	5	3	0
1901	150	52	7	2	0
TOTAL,	1469	780	55	22	4



SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.

Forwards	C. D. BRADLEY, Captain.
	C. B. HARWOOD.
Center	F. M. HATCH.
Guards	M. P. ROBINSON,
	A. W. MONOSMITH.
Substitutes	A. R. BROWN,
	J. J. JEWETT,
	E. W. SHANK,
	R. V. HILL.



SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.

ELLEN BIRDSEYE, Captain.

HELEN CHUTE,
GEORGIA CARROTHERS,
MABELLE KLEINSMID,
IRIS JOHNSON,
HELEN WRIGHT,
MARY STICKEL,
CLAIRE DARST,
MABEL SOUTHWORTH,
MABEL PRICE,
CLARA PARTRIDGE,
ESTHER DODGE,
MARY EDWARDS,

IVA BROWN.



JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.

Forwards ..... E. A. LIGHTNER, Captain.
R. N. SHUART.

Center ..... C. R. McMILLEN.

Guards ..... M. A. LAUGHBAUM,
H. W. PEABODY.

Substitutes ..... J. R. MORGAN,
W. J. RYAN,
E. K. CHAPMAN.



JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.

KATHERINE DAUGHERTY, Captain.

LLEWELLA FESSENDEN,
MAUD MONROE,
SARAH SANBORN,
HARRIET JENNEY,
ANNA CROWE,
VINNIE LETTS,
EDITH HATCH,
FLORA HEEBNER,
LILY FEITZ,
MARION DAVIS,
ALICE CAREY,
EMILY ABBOTT.



JUNIOR FOOT BALL TEAM.

M. A. LAUGHBAUM.....Left End
D. B. COOPER.....Left Tackle
E. J. MOORE.....Left Guard
E. K. CHAPMAN..... Center
R. W. FOLEY.....Right Guard
P. D. JENKINS
J. B. MILLER.....Right Tackle
W. J. RYAN.....Right End
J. R. MORGAN, Captain..... Quarter-Back
J. W. TAYLOR ..... Left Half-Back
H. W. PEABODY .....Right Half-Back
R. N. SHUART..... Full-Back
J. Q. BOSSELMAN..... Substitutes
C. H. BURR



SOPHOMORE FOOT BALL TEAM.

H. J. SEYMOUR.....Left End
L. D. WOODRUFF.....Left Tackle
D. B. BARSAMIAN
F. H. POCOCK.....Left Guard
C. J. JACKMAN..... Center
E. L. SAMPSON
W. F. WALLER.....Right Guard
F. P. BICKFORD.....Right Tackle
C. W. CRISMAN.....Right End
H. C. HUNTINGTON..... Quarter-Back
G. N. BEBOUT.....Left Half-Back
F. H. PEIRCE, Captain.....Right Half-Back
HOTCHKISS
D. B. GROSVENOR..... Full-Back
E. ANDERSON ..... Substitutes
W. G. McINTOSH
I. A. SMITH
F. L. BICKFORD



SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAM.

Forwards ..... I. A. SMITH,
R. M. ROBINSON.

Center ..... E. B. CHAMBERLAIN, Captain.

Guards ..... F. H. PEIRCE.....
L. C. SHAVER.

Substitutes ..... F. C. VAN CLEEF,
L. S. MILLER,
P. D. HILLIS.



SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAM.

SARA LAIRD, Captain.

ANSTICE NEWTON,
EUNICE MILLER,
MABEL CATLIN,
ANNE DAYKIN,
ANNIE MILLER,
MARION LEEPER,
CARRIE LOHNES,
MARION GOSS,
ANNA McDANIELS,
FRANCES KNOX,
ELIZABETH HOPKINS,
ABBIE COTANCHE,
ALMA STOKEY,
CARRIE BUGBEY,
CLARA JONES,
NELLIE MOORE.



FRESHMAN BASKET BALL TEAM.

Forwards	M. F. HOOPES.
	G. R. BROWN, Captain,
Center	W. K. VAN CLEEF.
Guards	R. M. CASE,
	H. M. BOWLUS.
Substitutes	A. S. BARROWS,
	R. R. CLEVERDON,
	H. E. FUNK.



FRESHMAN BASKET BALL TEAM.

RENA HOLMES, Captain,

MARIE ULINE,
CARRIE ROSE,
NELL HARDY,
MARGARET GOODWIN,
PERLE PENFIELD,
RUTH FRANCIS,
NAN GLEASON,
CHLOE VOSBURG,
OPAL FRANCIS,
FLORA GREENLEES,

ADELIA LETTS.



FRESHMAN FOOT BALL TEAM.

H. B. KELLER.....Left End
H. F. SHURTZ.....Left Tackle
H. C. WARTH.....Left Guard
J. G. EARL..... Center
M. JATEN.....Right Guard
H. J. KARRAKER.....Right Tackle
I. S. METCALF.....Right End
J. R. ELLIS, Captain..... Quarter-Back
H. M. BOWLUS.....Left Half-Back
D. C. JONES.....Right Half-Back
W. K. VAN CLEEF..... Full-Back
S. F. BELLOWS..... Substitutes
W. J. SPERRY
R. F. BERRYMAN
M. J. BUSH
H. A. STURGES



SENIOR ACADEMY FOOT BALL TEAM.

B. J. COX.....Left End
E. J. MELEY.....Left Tackle
C. J. PECK.....Left Guard
R. H. LONG..... Center
D. W. UPDEGRAFF.....Right Guard
M. F. WILCOX.....Right Tackle
P. W. KENNEY.....Right End
I. S. LINDQUIST..... Quarter-Back
A. B. PECK, Captain.....Left Half-Back
J. P. STIMSON.....Right Half-Back
J. D. PATERSON..... Full-Back
G. H. SMITHKONS..... Substitutes
J. PALMER
S. D. MORRILL
E. E. MORGAN
E. R. TABER



SENIOR ACADEMY BASKET BALL TEAM.

LOUISE GULICK, Captain,

FRANCES JONES,
GERTRUDE SMITH,
KATHERINE SHELDON,
FAITH PARMELEE,
MARY PORTER,
CAROLINE SHAW,
ALICE COLE,
MABEL CURTIS,
IDA HASKINS.



CONSERVATORY BASKET BALL TEAM.

FLORENCE G. AYERS, Captain.

LOUISE E. HART,
IVA MAUD SMITH,
ELIZABETH O. MICHAEL,
BESSIE F. HILDEBRANT,
JENNA E. LOGAN,
HILDRED H. ABRAHAMSON,
EDA A. SCHERER,
VERDE O. BISHOP,
SARA E. HARKNESS.

CLASS BASE BALL TEAMS.

SENIOR.

G. C. WILKINSON, Captain,
M. E. CARPENTER,
F. M. HATCH,
W. M. FRASER,
A. R. BROWN,
O. C. SANBORN,
E. W. SHANK,
C. D. BRADLEY,
J. J. JEWETT,
C. B. HARWOOD,
J. OKADA.

JUNIOR.

H. W. PEABODY, Captain,
R. N. SHUART,
H. P. GRABILL,
D. B. COOPER,
C. H. BURR,
E. H. TENNEY,
J. W. TAYLOR,
M. A. LAUGHBAUM,
J. R. CHILDS,
H. K. HEEBNER,
P. D. JENKINS,
H. H. SKINNER.

SOPHOMORE.

G. N. BEBOUT, Captain,
C. F. BRISSEL,
W. S. COCHRAN,
C. W. CRISMAN,
D. B. GROSVENOR,
H. C. HUNTINGTON,
C. J. JACKMAN,
M. F. PARMELEE,
R. W. PATERSON,
C. T. ROOME,
H. J. SEYMOUR,
F. C. VAN CLEEF.

FRESHMAN.

F. H. TENNEY, Captain,
R. M. CASE,
R. H. KINNEY,
M. F. HOOPES,
A. S. BARROWS,
W. K. VAN CLEEF,
D. C. JONES,
J. M. CLIFTON,
H. E. FUNK,
H. H. ROSS,
E. B. COMSTOCK,
P. H. SMITH,
W. G. MALLORY.



Festive Days



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

MORNING: Address—"The Anglo Saxon and the World."
Rev. Casper W. Hiatt, D. D.

EVENING: Faculty Reception to the Students in Warner Gymnasium.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

CLASS PARTIES.

Senior at Warner Gymnasium.
Junior at Baldwin Cottage.
Sophomore at Lord Cottage.
Freshman at Peters Hall.
Academy at Talcott Hall.



Take Ye Heede
of ye
Baldwinne Cottagee Maye Day Partee
To be holden at ye
Baldwin Cottagee on Ye 18th Day of Maye,
Whych is Saturday, Anno Domini MDCCCCI.
Ye Music will be by Ye Oberline Bande.

Ye Heeralds.
Harry Hurry Huntingtone and Ralffe Wyllie Thomyse.

Ye People of Ranke.

Queene .....Fayth Alyce Frazeer
King .....Jim Smyth Hardee
Maid of Honor .....Antynette Farryn
Queene of the Airr .....Olynda Voose
Queene of Darkness.....Helene Huffee
Ye Corrynation Layde.....Alys H. Luice

Ye Events.

Ye Crowning of ye Queene and ye Attendante Ceremonies in whych all ye Knights and ye ladies assyst.

Ye Maye Pole Dance.

A Theateer Play,
"Mid-Summer Night's Dream."

Ye Sportees.

Knights of ye Stylts,
Grace Hoopes,
Tylting at ye Quintain,
Archery,
Potato Race,
Thread and Needle Race,
Wheel-barrow Race.
Crowning of ye Victors.






JOKES,
WISE
and
OTHERWISE.

Forewarning

THIS is known as the Joke Department. The contents are not necessarily funny, but any one of microscopic turn of mind or broad imagination may perchance fabricate a laugh. Some jokes are put in because they may be funny, some because it seems to be necessary, and some because people expect them. An annual has to have jokes —and here they are. The only excuse which the Annual Board has to offer for the presence of the collection is that it is necessary to satisfy the jocular sense of the faculty and to preserve their humor.

Many painful regrets have attended the work. It has earnestly been sought to avoid vain repetition, therefore there are some well-worn subjects which have not been treated. In the first place, psychological and ethical matters have been treated by reference to former volumes. It was the earnest desire to avoid all co-educational material, but we have found that such action would undermine the very foundations of the institution. Co-education is everywhere. The fountain in Peters was built on this plan and the boys and girls run together even in the new college catalogue. It was hoped that we might be able to give a brief review of the volume entitled "College Legislation," but the "usages of good society" and "city limits" were found insurmountable. The pangs of conscience still smite us; but, evil committed must needs bear its consequences, and kicks properly registered will receive due attention from next year's board.

The Rime of the Ancient Amazons.

Place—Balcot Hall.
Time—January 15th-April 1, 1902.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dean Light.
Mrs. Jackson (a white-haired lady).
Mrs. Ling (an old lady in black).
Miss Babbit.
Mrs. White.
Miss Cook.
Four other middle-aged ladies.

ACT I.

All present except the Dean.

Mrs. J.— We've been here, ladies, since six; three,
Where can our honored president be?
I breakfasted two hours ago,
Our dean I fear, is rather slow.
I wish I'd brought a hat to trim
I'd sew some velvet on the brim,
A rose, a feather I'd put on it
And soon I'd have a Paris bonnet.

Miss B.— I wish that I had brought "Bill Tell,"
I dreamed he was not feeling well.
I thought his son took aim, and why!
He hit the apple of his eye.

Mrs. Ling—(From the window.)
Oh! here she comes, three cheers for her!
With rubbers thick and gossamer,
With pleasant smile and airy skip
She puts to shame Monsieur La Grippe.

(Enter Dean.)

Dean— I've asked you to come here today—

Mrs. L.— Excuse me! Let us sing or pray.

Dean— Oh, certainly, dear Mrs. Ling,
Suppose you lead us. We will sing.

Mrs. L. leads; all join—

"Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work for the night is coming
When man's work is done."

Dean— Now, ladies, listen please, to me.
Will wonders never cease to be!
A strange request for Oberlin C.
Has come from the class of 1903.
The boys and girls both wish to skate.

Mrs. W.— Oh!

Miss B.— Ah!

Mrs. L.— Alas!

Mrs. J.— They told not me!

Dean— The time they set's not six to eight.

All— What dreadful hour may it then be?

Dean— Their president said it would be grand
If they could have the student band
And skate on Rockefeller floor
At night 'til nine o'clock or more.
He also thought it would be nice
To have some benches on the ice;
And sip a social cup of tea
And eat of doughnuts, two or three.

Mrs. W.— To stay 'til nine! oh dear! oh soully!
They sure would break the Sabbath holy.
I have my bairns in bed by eight,
To sleep for beauty, ere 'tis late.

Mrs. L.— And how about this student band?
How many members has it, and
Does each go thrice to church on Sunday,
And never miss chapel on Monday?
I do not wish to be Miss Grundy,
But do they go to church on Sunday?

Mrs. W.— And how large is the skating floor?

Miss B.— Just twenty-eight by thirty-four.

Mrs. W. How fortunate 'tis not, thank heaven!
Just thirty-eight by twenty-seven!

Mrs. L.— And is the floor so near the ice
That if the girls fall once or twice,
And is the ice so near the floor
That if the girls fall twice or more
They will not get their ankles wet,
Nor sadly drown, already yet?
Just sixty years ago today
When I was thoughtless, young and gay,
I whisper softly as I speak—
I damped my ankles in Plum Creek.
They broke it gently to my mother,
She bravely told it to my brother.
Who wired at once for a physician,
And two trained nurses in addition,
Who came from Boston and from Maine
To help me bear the dreadful pain.
And, thanks to courage of relations,
And thanks to doctors' consultations,
And thanks to flannels oft applied,
I got quite well and never died.

Miss B.— And are the benches large? Mein gracious!
Oh, they would have to be capacious.
A boy, a girl, a chaperone
Can not on every bench sit down.

Mrs. J.— Perhaps in such a mournful case
The girl could find another place.

Miss C.— And will the class of 1903
Have Bobbs or Bunson brew their tea?
I chance to know a thing or two
That Bobbs and Bunson each can do.
Now, Bobbs makes good tea, every time;
His doughnuts are not worth a dime.
With Bunson quite the other way,
His doughnuts cost, but my! they pay.
But when it comes to Bunson's tea,
A quart would never hurt a flea.

Mrs. W.— I rise just here in this cessation
To ask you for some information.
Are you quite sure the average flea
Could not be drowned in Bunson's tea?

Miss C.— You twist my words infernally,
Of course I meant internally.

But yes, you're right,
Dear Mrs. White,
For any flea, unless 'tis sick
Has sense enough to climb a stick.

Miss B.— Well, ladies, if you'll stop chatter
I move we vote upon the matter.
The question now before the house
Is skate or not—mir macht nichts aus.

Mrs. W.— I'd like to state before we vote
The juniors have a horny animal!
My great-aunt saw it at the junction,
Now, would they take it to the function?
If I were skating with a man
I shouldn't like to have to plan
On meeting elephants or mice,
Or badgers gliding o'er the ice.

Dean— In spite of that uncouth suggestion,
We will proceed to the main question.
All those in favor kindly say,
As is the custom, simply "yea;"
And all who feel the other way
Please signify by crying "nay."

Five Voices— Yea.

Five Voices— Nay.

Dean— 'Tis plain to see you need persuasion
To make you rise to the occasion.
I'm getting tired of sitting still
Let's put it through. I'll foot the bill.
All those in favor kindly rise.

(6 get up.)

Hurrah! This is a grand surprise,
And now let's go to Caldwin Cottage,
I'll share with you my mess of pottage.

Mrs. L. (From the window)—
But ladies, friends, just look at here!
A sight to draw a bitter tear!
I have a dreadful, awful fear
That girl will soon be on her bier.

(All run to the window.)

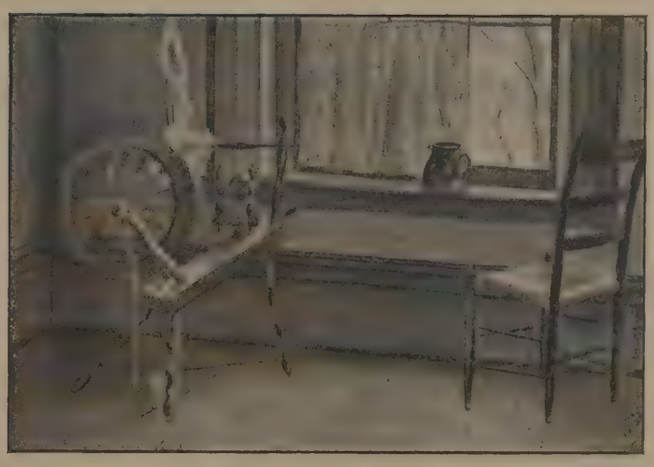
Mrs. J.— Alas! she has no hat or jacket!
And there's a boy with tennis racquet.

Miss C.— Oh, hark! just hear the robins singing!
And there! the crocuses are springing!
How green and grassy is that lawn!

Miss B.— Himmel! The skating must be gone!

Mrs. J.— Oh, ladies, friends, for weeks we've sat
In Balcott Hall in weighty chat
And while we've been discussing here
Goodbye to Winter, cold and drear!
Goodbye to ice! Goodbye to snow!
Goodbye to chilly winds that blow!
All unbeknownst has come the spring.
This is indeed a curious thing!
When we began some months ago
I never dreamed we'd be so slow.

Dean— So this is the end of the junior skate!
Oh, no! to mend 'tis never too late!
I say 'tis never too late to mend
And next year's seniors shall see—
the end.





ECONOMICAL.

"The building of trans-Atlantic railways has affected the per cent. of population engaged in agriculture."

Prof. Bogart: "Tobacco is a necessary luxury."

Prof. Bogart: "We will begin this morning with the 'Insane'—Mr. Woodruff—."

Prof. Bogart (in economics): "If five tailors in Oberlin supply five hundred people with suits of clothes and one were to quit work, one hundred people would have to go without their clothes. (Laugh.) I mean they would have to wear their old ones."

Prof. Bogart: "If it were not for land we could not get a foothold on the earth."

Stevenson: "I shouldn't think that there would be enough orphans in this county to support such a home."

"Now you are all familiar with the Keeley Cure."

PRESUMPTUOUS BILL.

There is a lad in naughty-two,
  And he is very fair;
His eyes are blue, his cheeks are fresh,
  And he has flaxen hair.
And yet we have heard tales, and fear
  They are no idle dreams,
That little Willie Pritchard's not
  The cherub that he seems.
One night he and a maid came down
  From Cleveland on the car;
He'd never met her, and he sat
  And watched her from afar.
Then said: "Would it be presumptuous
  To walk down home with thee?"
Coldly she answered "Certainly"—
  What fools these mortals be!

The First Epistle of Sammons.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY OF THE CHILDREN OF OBERLIN IN THE LAND OF KELLEY.

There was in the land of John Henry, the King, an Earl belonging to the tribe of Dan, who entered into a conspiracy with a man named Kelley, of the Emerald Isle, who ate only of the fat things of the land, insomuch that his portion became a symbol of good things; so that "eggs for Kelley," or "milk Kelley twice" stood in his land for good eggs, or good milk.

It came to pass that this Earl of the tribe of Dan went to this man and bargained with him to sell one and twenty of his brethren into servitude. Having drunk up his mess of pottage, which was the wage he was to receive, he went straighway and began to entice his fellows by sweet words and many; telling them of a land covered with beautiful shade trees hardby a magnificent lake whose waters were for the cooling of the people during the hot days of July and August. He told, moreover, of the "eggs for Kelley," the meat and drink which should be theirs if they would but go up and possess it. Howbeit these words sank deep into the hearts of these, his brethren, insomuch that they said, "Go to now, we will go up and possess it." And so it came to pass that one Dudly Buck, who was a refugee from John Henry's land, being clever in the arts of making musick, took up his harp, which, in their language, is called a mandolin, and led his unfortunate brethren away into servitude to the Land of Kelley called South Haven.

Now be it known that this land is an evil land full of cross-eyed, strange-looking, strange-talking people whose language is peculiar to themselves. Here in this land were the men made slaves, rising up early at the voice of the night watch who came in the night and uttered a shrill cry of "Five-forty-five," which meant that the Laird whose name was Beatty was about to begin the painful task of getting out of bed and adorning himself in the harsh, rough garments which the task-master had put upon them. (And this rising up early so became the Laird that request was often made that he might be chosen from among his fellows and honored by the attention of going on the early watch.)

Now, be it understood that the duty of the early watch was to go down into the den of the lions, in their language called cooks, and eat the melons and strawberries which the Kennedy, prince of the Eunuchs, had provided for the fattening of the people, so that Laird became fatter and fairer in flesh than any of his fellows insomuch that he was selected to stand first in rank whenever the servants were summoned to sing in the court before the King.

Now this favoritism began to work evil among the children which Dan had sold into captivity insomuch that one, Doc Husted, began to speak secret words into the ears of those his fellows and to tell them that it ill became them to be thus belittled before the people, that they should rise up in a body and resist the tyranny of their ruler, and he began straightway to go secretly to the Midway and ingratiate himself into favor with the rich and powerful. Nevertheless his days were numbered in the Land of Kelley, and he was not, for homesickness took him and he fled back to the land of his fathers, yea, even to his parental roof and there partook of the bounty which his father was able to supply by the filling of the teeth of the people round about.

Now about this time Dudley Buck, the aforenamed fugitive, began to be uneasy in mind and began to dream of the land from whence they had been led away, and he sought out the boy of the flock, one "Little Livy," as he was called, and began to talk to him secretly of the arduous work that they were compelled to do, and he pointed out to him how they were deserving of a better fate; that they being cunning in the art of making musick, might easily flee away and sustain themselves by the pennies which they could pick up by singing before the people on the corners of the streets in the cities that they should pass through until, perchance, they should reach their own land. And so the boy was led away and enticed and he also fled, leaving behind all the money that he had by hard work been able to earn.

But this Dudley Buck, being older and more acquainted with the ways of the world, borrowed much money from all those of his fellows whom he could persuade to trust him, telling them that he would return it unto them with usury when he should again reach his own land and procure aid of Burgess, the friend of the oppressed, and so they went away. Also many others fled until but a few of the original band were left, and it became necessary for King Kelley to send out to procure other servants, and there came from a far land, called Chicago, many female servants of various tongues and various nations.

Now, one Lulu became infatuated with the Isonaconarius, which was the surname of one of the "Men's Help," and these two became very much attached to each other, in-so-much that they would go out on the shore of the lake and sit in the sand and look at the moon.

There were others of the band who also began to be enamoured, and one, Pat, fell in love with a black-haired girl by the name of Marie, and there were many things which they did, the which, if they should be written, every one, I suppose that even this book itself could not contain the nonsense that should be written.

Many and varied were the experiences of this little band, and smaller and smaller it became by reason of some turning back to their own people, others fleeing into the wilderness, and still others being enticed.

Howbeit the remainder of the band became very rebellious so that it became very hard for Kennedy, the prince, to do anything with them. When suddenly one, Jewett, rose up one morning and spoke very rashly to the man who ruled over the kitchen with a rod of iron, and he said: "You have no dealings with us; it is for you to fry eggs." And the ruler became exceedingly wroth with him and sent a messenger to the king, saying: "This Jewett of the captive band is very loathsome to my sight and I would that you put him away."

And the king did as the Ruler of the Range said unto him, but the band rose up and demanded that Jewett be reinstated into his former favor; and it was even so.

But before many days the band waxed strong and "kicked" and they left the Land of Kelley and the female captives and journeyed back to their own country, and it is said that King Kelley was very wroth and swore that Dan the Earl should suffer for putting such a band upon him. However, it is believed that the Earl had spent the twenty pieces of silver and King Kelley could not accomplish his vengeance.



CONIC SECTIONS.

New girl (at Con. reception) to Miss Gilfillan—"Beg pardon, but are you a professor's wife?"

Miss Anne Daykin, '04, (to Edna Moore, Con. at Talcott)—"I got my first '5' in history this morning. I was so surprised. I was thinking of you, and all at once Mrs. Johnston called on me to describe a *barbarian.*"

Prof. Andrews, leading the Amen Chorus, in musical union—indignantly—"I can't get enough MEN from these altos and sopranos!"

Miss Packard—"Why, Helen, you should have worn rubbers, it is so slippery."

Miss Ray—"Oh, I don't need them. Mr. Chamberlain brought me."

Miss ——— at Morrison's: "I think Miss Loomis will be married soon."

Miss Simons: "If Miss Loomis' father's views are like my father's, I don't think she will be."

Miss Simpson remarks that she "went to laugh," but appearances indicate that "Laugh went to her."

Miss Conway, meeting Mr. A. E. Brown and Mr. Keene, takes them to look at a shirt-waist in the process of making.

Keene (admiringly)—I want to call on you the first night you wear that.

Brown (hastily)—I want to call the second night.

Miss Conway—You may, Mr. Brown, if the waist is not worn out.

January 12, 1902:—Professor William Kilgore Breckenridge was absent from chapel.

Miss Wiley (rising from the card table)—"Mr. Jenkins, will you take my hand?" Jenkins follows her into the hall with great alacrity.

Miss Currier (after Mr. Alderfer has been talking)—"Mr. Alderfer, were you at my table when everybody told stories without points to them?"

Mr. Morse confesses to Miss Halloway that his only German phrase is "Ich liebe dich."

PROF. ANDY HAS HIS PICTURE TOOK.

Prof. Andy donned his overalls,
  Went to work upon his farm,
Zeke went out to picture him,
  With a kodak 'neath his arm.

Andy saw the monster come,
  Then it was he used a horse;
Dodged behind his faithful beast,
  Zeke was much put out of course.

Still he set the "gun" in place,
  Waited long for glimpse of Prof.;
Pretty soon out popped a head,
  Zeke shot the "gun" and all was off.

But lo, next day in Peter's Hall
  Prof. met Zeke with pleading eye,
Asked him for to cut it out
  From the pesky Hi-O-Hi.

Zeke stood long before that gaze,
  But at last the tears did flow,
The picture here you will not see,
  It would vex Prof. Andy so.

WHEN ZEKE CAME OUT.

This town was all surprise
  When Zeke came out.
You would hardly believe your eyes,
  When Zeke came out.
But he did it just the same,
No. 11's and massive frame,
All for sake of just one name,
  Did Zeke come out.

The Sorrowful Sequence of Syllabic Similitude in Seminary Surnames.

In the autumn of 1900 two young men entered the junior class of the seminary. One hailed from Michigan, the other from Illinois. There was no personal resemblance, at least at first, and their types of mind were different. But their names, ah, there the trouble lay! For the surname of the man from Michigan was Bourbon, and the surname of the man from Illinois was Bobbin.

Confusion arose on the very day they joined the seminary, for the registrar gave Bobbin's cards to Bourbon and Bourbon's to Bobbin. In the opening days of the term the mixup was astonishing and frequent. A professor would say, "Mr. Bobbin, pardon me, Mr. Bourbon, will you translate the next verse?" Or another would say, "Mr. Bourbon, or is it Mr. Bobbin, have you prepared your paper?"

The local postal authorities were not exempt from the general confusion and Bourbon's dainty missives from the west were handed to Bobbin, while Bobbin's flood of circulars from enterprising publishers flowed into Bourbon's box. The mistakes were more amusing than otherwise at first and the men with initial B had many a hearty laugh.

It soon became, however, a serious matter and then, upon Bobbin's suggestion, the phonetic twins decided to room together. The deed was done. If confusion had reigned before, pandemonium now resulted. Bourbon wore red ties and Bobbin soon developed a *penchant* for red; Bobbin was fond of female society and Bourbon soon became an incorrigible ladies' man; Bourbon smoked cubebs and Bobbin early invested in a corncob pipe; Bobbin wrote verse and Bourbon wrought a Miltonesque poem that took the Washington's birthday prize. At the faculty reception, however, Bobbin was kept busy explaining that he didn't write the poem, while Bourbon sat in a corner and looked happy. When the Annual came out it was found that Bobbin had written the winning verses, while the editor, still under the popular spell, credited Bourbon with being the prize poet. If Bourbon took snuff Bobbin sneezed, or if Bobbin had a cold, poor Bourbon swallowed the prescription.

The climax came in their senior year. By that time the B's had become utterly hardened and dumbly, stolidly responded to one another's surnames. Protest was useless, explanation superfluous. That year twin sisters came to Oberlin to study in the training school for kindergarten teachers. Bourbon, the beau, soon met them. Betty and Hetty were alike as two peas. At the end of a week Bobbin went with Bourbon to call. Neither knew at the

evening's close whether he had chatted with Hetty or Betty. The calls grew in frequency and regularity, though the maiden's were indistinguishable. But so were the theologues, for the twins distributed "Mr. Bobbins" and "Mr. Bourbons" with delightful impartiality.

The month of May and the seminary commencement drew near. One evening Bourbon confessed to Bobbin that he had fallen in love with the twins, and Bobbin admitted the same attachment. They agreed to call on the following Saturday evening and propose. At the appointed time Bourbon was in the front parlor with one maiden and Bobbin was in the back parlor with the other.

"Betty," said Bourbon to Hetty, "will you be my wife?" "Mr. Bobbin," said Hetty to Bourbon, "I am pledged to another."

At the same moment in the back parlor, "Hetty," said Bobbin to Betty, "will you marry me?" "Mr. Bourbon," said Betty to Bobbin," "I am very sorry, but I have a previous engagement."

It was all over. Each B put on the other's hat and staggered out of the house. Poor Bobbin had not a stalwart constitution and began to pine away. Bourbon, too, grew thin and pale. A week before commencement Bobbin died. Bourbon was heart-broken. He had to be assisted to the church on the day of the funeral. The minister was a good man, but a sharer in popular delusions. In his obituary sketch he referred thrice to the deceased as Bobbin and twice as Bourbon. He had just begun a third reference to the departed Bourbon when that individual gasped and passed away.

Bobbin and Bourbon were buried in the same grave. Acting upon the pious suggestion of the college wag the solitary inscription upon the common tomb-stone was "B flat."

CORBIN AND COLBURN, '03, O. T. S.

WHEN.

When Prof. St. John puts on his togs,
  And starts out for a stroll,
The birds all stop their singing,
  And the chip-munk hunts his hole.

When Andy reads the Scripture,
  And talks about the "pigs,"
The students sort of giggle,
  And give each other digs.

SOME TRANSLATIONS.

Quand elle vit venir les rides et les cheveux blancs. "When she saw them coming riding on white horses."—Miss Monahan, Con.

"I conversed with Africanus a little after his death."—Miss Newton.

Dentzer, '05—"And both were wearing the same costume."

According to Fenell, '02, " Father Grande took from his pocket a knife and plate of corn."

Barsamian, '04, translates "La stature prevait de l'aplomb": "Her stature became plumb."

R. M. Robinson, '04, had some ambitious swine grazing among the gods on Mt. Olympus.

A. E. Brown, '05, translates the first lines of the Lorelei: "I don't know what it means that I am so tired."



A DUAL TRACK MEET.

KELLER'S RIDE.

Along the lonely country road
Traveled the Sophs. with their human load.
Happy they were at the trick they played,
Nor thought they ought of the trouble made
By playing Pat Crowe as the faculty sayed;
They only thought of the Freshies' dismay
With Keller two or three miles away.

Next day in chapel Prof. King arose
And spoke in a way that almost froze
The blood in the veins of the Sophs, but still
Resolved to swallow their bitter pill
They gave Shep's slogan, the great "We will."
So Prof. King said what he had to say
With Keller two or three miles away.

Saturday morn was clear and bright,
But the gloom o'er the Freshies was black as night,
This was the day of the mighty scrap,
A day which the faculty would mayhap
Wipe clear off of the college map.
But the Freshies won in this bloody fray,
With Keller still two or three miles away.

Again along the country road
Traveled a wagon with human load,
This time the tables were turned a bit,
The Sophs. were down and the Freshies were "it,"
For the former were dumped the road to hit.
While the latter returned all happy and gay,
With the Sophomores five or ten miles away.

FACULTY DO-FUNNIES.

Prof. Anderegg in Analytical Mechanics: "Couples are always interesting."

Prof. Wager: "It is almost refreshing to learn that Addison had an unusual fondness for port wine."

Prof. Andrews (to Musical Union sopranos): "Don't look at me in that tone of voice."

Mr. Cowdery (in French class): "When two people shake hands we use the reflexive, but if one person shakes hands it is not necessary."

Mr. Cairns in Freshman Math.: "Quickness is almost as essential as rapidity."

Prof. Kimball, to Second Church choir: "Please don't look at me with closed mouths."

Summer school pupil to Prof. Martin, who teaches German in summer school: "Prof. Martin, I have decided that I better not take German in summer school after all. I have consulted Miss Abbott and she says that I better wait until the fall term when I can have a good teacher."

Prof. Anderegg, reading 'Varsity list: "C. Bradley, D. Bradley, L. S. Miller, Dolan, Monosmith, Funk—why Harry Funk's a *good* student."

Friday—Prof. J. R. Wightman's marriage announcement.
Monday—Prof. J. R. Wightman's new book announcement.
Monday evening in faculty meeting, Prof. King says: "I am glad to be able to announce that Prof. Wightman has finally accomplished the work on which he has been so long engaged."

Bill Mosher becomes agitated by the noise in the class-room and asks the carpenters outside to work more lightly.

Prof. Wager: "'Fix' means to fasten, therefore one cannot fix one's hair; Nature has already accomplished that." (How about "Monie?")

Prof. Martin, day after Thanksgiving: "Knowledge of the dual seems to be lacking in the freshman class this year."

Prof. Martin: "Miss Kelner, antecedent of αὐτη.

Miss K.: "It hasn't any."

Prof.: "Oh, yes it has. You may find masculines running around without chaperones, but feminines have to be accounted for."

Mrs. Johnston: "I shall never forget my bitter disappointment when I first looked into a mirror."

The hardware store. Mr. Huckins to workman: "To whom shall I charge that bill?"

"To the college."

"And whom do you mean by the college?"

"Prof. Doolittle."

Prof. Kimball to choir singing Laude Sion: "Let us start at the Gates of Hell."

FACULTY SCRUBS.

Pendleton—Everyone that's illegible is taking Pancoast.

Instructor Adams and Miss Crafts spend part of their spring vacation in the linen department of Hatch's in Cleveland.

EVERYBODY KNOWS.

THE KIDS,
DOUBLE A.,
ANDY,
BUD,
UNCLE,
HAPPY,
BEMUS,
DUTCH,
BRAGGINS,
TODDY,
MAC,
ZEKE,
RUMPY,
JUDGE,
FRAULEIN,
BAR,
SKEETER,
BOB,
NAN AND WILLIE.

PER TELEPHONE.

Joe Perrault: "Hello, have you a date for Saturday night?"
Mrs. Comings: "No, I haven't. I'll ask Harriet if she has."

Miss Soule, at German House: "What does 'Ich weiss nicht' mean?"
Root: "I don't know."
Later, to her room-mate: "Do tell me what "Ich weiss nicht' means."
"I don't know."
"Well who *does* know, anyway?"

A note from Caskey oft reminds us,
That perchance a "cut" we've had,
Which without the healing lotion
May return us home to dad.



"PER TELEPHONE."

JUNIOR FARCE GIVEN THANKSGIVING DAY.

Dramatis Personae.

Della Elouise Purcell ..... Mary Holcombe
Vinnie Letts ..... Nan Cuzzin
Carolyn Augusta Reed ..... Nora, the Maid
David Ray Gregg ..... Guy Harling
Wallace F. Andrews ..... Ned Austin

FROM THE CHAPEL ROSTRUM.

"The girls of the sophomore base ball team will meet in the rear of the chapel."

"The girls who are joining the invitation for the first time will meet in Warner Hall this afternoon."

"There are both fair barbarians and unfair involved in this."

"The art exhibition which is being held in the—the—that building behind Peters."

"And the following athletic notices: The Glee Club will hold an important meeting in Room 13."

"Now, Oh Lord, we come to Thee at this midnight hour, and are glad of the stillness and quiet."

Professor King (explaining his duties as dean): "It must be definitely understood that there is no clash as to the duties of the several deans of the college. My office does not conflict with that of Prof. Caskey or Dr. Luce."

Professor Hall (reading from Bible immediately after): "But they held their peace: for by the way they had disputed among themselves who should be greatest."

WHEN PROF. ANDREWS LEADS 'THE SINGIN'.

Standin' there so tall and gaunt
  Head agoin', arms aflingin,'
Tell you it's a funny sight
  When Prof. Andrews leads the singin'.

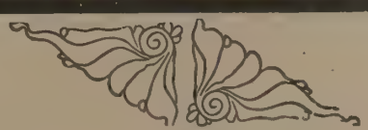
Talk about your acrobat
  Or your pugilistic swingin'!
'Taint one-half the sight you see
  When Prof. Andrews leads the singin'.

Ev'ry muscle just in tune
  Ev'ry action notes abringin'
'Taint no wonder music comes
  When Prof. Andrews leads the singin'.

Dear Mr. Grabill:

Miss _____ confided in me that she turned Knapp down for Friday evening all for your sake. She did not want you to think that she admired him. Perhaps you do not realize what she is, and if you don't you ought to be shook good—she is the sweetest girl in school.

P. S.—Perhaps she would turn me down if she knew I told you, but I thought I would do so, for I know the condition of your fluttering heart.



Oberlin, Ohio, Feb. 20, 1902.

We, the Assistant Manager of the 1903 Hi-O-Hi, party of the first part, for a consideration of five dollars ($5.00) from Howard P. Grabill, party of the second part, do agree that a note received by the said party of the second part (hereunto affixed) shall not be published in said Hi-O-Hi. This contract to be void if any mention of said note appear in the afore-mentioned Hi-O-Hi.

W. J. RYAN,
H. P. GRABILL.

Platonic Socraticism.

"There is then, an Oberlin spirit?"

"I think so."

"Has it ever been seen?"

"Once."

"When was that?"

"In faculty meeting, when Prof. Martin fought for required Greek and Prof. Anderegg for required Math."

"You say the spirit was seen there?"

"I do."

"Where?"

"In the discussion."

"Go to, now. What do you mean by the Oberlin spirit?"

"Not knowing I shouldn't like to say."

"Would it not be well to take some examples and determine what their spirits are?"

"Don't take them in Math Review."

"Why?"

"I'm a freshman."

"Well, then, if Prexy should ever give an off-hand talk would he be showing his natural spirit?"

"He certainly would not."

"If Stanley Shaw would stand apart from Miss Wright in Peters, would that be his spirit?"

"No."

"Again, if the faculty would all come to chapel, would that show the faculty's spirit?"

"By no means."

"Well, then, the spirit of a thing seems to be seen in what it does most. Is not that true?"

"I think that is true."

"So then we can apply this test in discovering the Oberlin spirit?"

"We certainly can."

"We must, of course, take some common examples in the college?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, in the sale of choices a young man pays $5.00 for a seat with some object in view, does he not?"

"I think so."

"Is the Oberlin spirit involved here?"

"It would seem so."

"Would this young man borrow $5.00 for this purpose in a "stag" school?"

"Hardly."

"Would a young gentleman send $12 worth of "American Beauties to a boy friend?"

"He would scarcely do it."

"Would lusty young lads sit on the bleachers and refuse to root—if alone?"

"They surely wouldn't."

"Would Davy Grosvenor go out walking so much under simply educational influences?"

"It wouldn't be like Davy."

"Well, then, what spirit prompts these various actions? Has it anything to do with young ladies?"

"It would seem so."

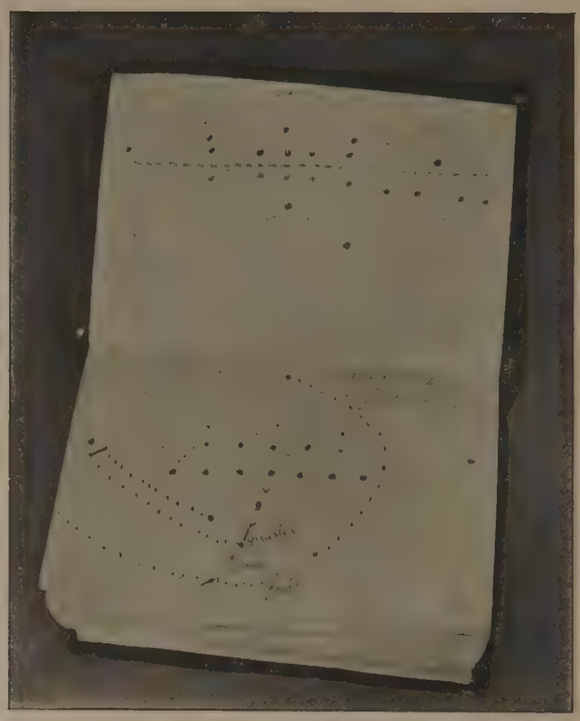
"What, then, is the Oberlin spirit? Is it an excruciating desire to please the fair sex?"

" I guess that's it."

"Do you consider it a commendable spirit?"

"I do; but you'd better ask 'Bar.' "





CAPT. BRADLEY'S HYMN BOOK.

Shepler's fist was bloody,
Tilton's nose the same;
The umpire thought it funny,
But didn't stop the game.

Lives of boners oft remind us
We might change our happy lives,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the shape of 5's;
Footprints which, perhaps, another
Going through his college course,
Some poor, country, farmer brother,
Might regard as that of "horse."

ZE ZE ZE.

Ze ze ze and a zum zum zum,
Don't you know that the bargains have come?
O you auctioned the girls for a junior joke
And now we know you're all dead broke.

Ze ze ze and a zan zan zan,
Auction No. 2 in the old band stand.
For hair-pins, and tooth-picks, and clothes-pins, too,
Mighty little money, but anything will do.

Ze ze ze and a zup zup zup,
What will you give, Mr. Percival is up;
High goes the bidding and what does Lilly say?
"Let him go for nothing, I get him any way."

Ze ze ze and a zup zup zup,
What will you give Prexy Cross is up?
His smile it is impartial, but his heart we can not find,
For he's left it safe at home with "the girl he's left behind."

Ze ze ze and a zup zup zup,
What will you give, the great editor is up;
His voice is like the thunder and his glance would make you quake,
And when he strides into the class the earth doth shake.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
A "con." and his fiddle
Sawing away in his room.
A senior next door was studying "Mike."
Now the "con." lies under a tomb.

Sing a song of five-cents,
Paid for a piece of pie.
A crust that's sort of gluey,
The inside rather shy.
You spend that night aseeing things
Tossin' round in bed.
The temperance rule should include that pie
Which goes to a fellow's head.

There was a young man, just a cad,
Who was smoking because it seemed bad,
When a man called a Prof.
Came and carried him off,
And sent him home to his dad.

Skeeter, Skeeter, Hobb's pie-eater,
Had a girl but did not keep her,
Asked her for a party date,
Took another—and the first came late.

A bill, or a dollar,
An athletic scholar
Has to pay when he flunks;
For Captain "Brad" can tell you sir,
It's cost him many plunks.

Win and Gar went very far,
Some frogs to hunt for pleasure;
They brought back loads of horny toads,
Just ask 'em, at your leisure.

R. T. F. come ope you eyes
And think of all those missing fives.
Where is the boy that gathers the news?
There in the back seat, taking a snooze.

Our good Jacky Horner,
When over in Warner,
Teaches the girls to sing.
But when out on the links—
Most everyone thinks—
He wants to get rid of a ring.

Ride a small horse to Latin or Greek,
Making a five four days in the week;
Come to exam., a bluff, then a flunk;
Next day a hackman comes after a trunk.





MOSES HUSTED,
Talcott Hall Cook.

HENRY MOSBEY,
Talcott Hall Porter.

GEORGE MOSBEY,
Talcott Hall Janitor.

HAMILTON MOSBEY,
Talcott Hall Janitor.

AN EXCITING GAME.

The game between Andrews and Harding has been of unusual interest. Each side made big hits and seemed to score at (her) will.

The following is the score by weeks:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Andrews	1	0	3	0	0	5	0	1	0
Harding	1	1	1	2	1	0	*	0	—

*Dick out (walking).

"Dicky" is at the bat as the Hi-O-Hi goes to press. Andrew's backers dubious, taking odds three to one which are offered by Harding men.

MARRIED MEN'S CLUB.

The members of the married men's club have become too numerous for treatment in this volume. Reference is given to the college catalogue, where you can pick 'em out readily. It has been observed that in addition to mumps and tonsilitis, there are about one hundred cases of *extreme* coeducation in the school.

In a school where co-eds. swarm as thick as bees,
It's hard to find a single man, hunt where'er you please.
What a reputation you can have, you know,
If you simply "stag it" everywhere you go.



CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why would Percival make a good referee for a boxing match?

2. Why would the junior prexy make a good missionary?

3. Why would Prof. Caskey make a good surgeon?
He has had a wide experience with "cuts."

4. Why is Lightner a good sprinter?
He can win a race in spite of a Ty, and is able to stand much Ware.

5. Why is Seymour like a box of bon-bons?
Because he's much given to the girls.

6. Why is Sam Hotchkiss like a tree that has been struck by lightning?





The elevation of the toad stool, or the evolution of the cap.

SOPHISTRY.

Davy Grosvenor: "I am always full from one until two."

January 24—Prof. Wager announces that the word Macaulay was mispelled 102 times by members of the Sophomore English class.

Miss Abbott in German class: "Herr Barsamian, wo ist Herr Miller?"
Bar: "Ich weiss nicht."
Miss Abbott: "Vielleicht schläft er doch."

Miss Williston, '04: "My, I'd like to be Miss Shotwell."
F. C. Van Cliff called on Miss Shotwell that evening.

Prof. Martin, after Sam Hotchkiss has been elected chorister: "I'm not at all sure that the singing will be successful."

Miss Knox soliloquizes: "O dear, bread and beer; if I was married I wouldn't be here." But adds, "O yes, I might, too."



The attitude of certain "co-eds."
to one, Messenger.

NOTES TO MOTHER GOOSE.

Dear maids of '03, without hesitation
I accept with pleasure your kind invitation.
A rhyme I shall bring if perchance I can grind one,
A costume I'll wear if perchance I can find one.
But whatever I write and whatever I wear,
Depend on the fact that I'm sure to be there.
With love to the maidens of 1903,
I remain still the bachelor, D. B. C.

I'm just the cutest little feller,
  I guess you've heard of me before,
An' I'm comin' to your party,
  Bet your life I'm comin' shore.

And I reckon when I git thar,
  There won't be no extra room
For the other fellers round me;
  I'm a rosebud, I'm a bloom.

I'm a reg'lar honey cooler,
  I'ts a good deal that I claim.
But I'm billed a surething winner,
  Toddy Morgan is my name.



"All athletes are positively forbidden unless properly chaperoned."

UNDER THE GAVEL.

Sanborn, '02: "Our college days are spent in preparation for the 'life beyond.' "

Chapin, '04 (in debate against C. Livingston, '04): "Modern science is as helpful as Horace, Homer or Livy. It was the ancient Livy of whom I was speaking."

Fraser, '02 (in debate): "No, I won't say that, perhaps that is exaggerating a little *too* much."

F. C. Van Cleef, '04 (in Inter-society debate): "My opponents spoke of the people in Manila who derive their sustenance from the ground and clothe themselves with the trees."

Miss Jenney, '03: "Miss President, may I approach the floor?"

"The gentleman was giving information on his feet."—Miller, '03.

Barsamian, '04: "Our productions shouldn't be criticized so severely in the Review. It would be all right if this wasn't a co-ed. school."



THRÉE BACKWARD BOYS.

THE COACH'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other interest before athletics.
2. Thou shalt not devote thyself unduly to thy studies, as thereby thy mind is distracted from essentials.
3. Thou shalt have naught to do with class scraps, junketings, cake, candy and young ladies.
4. Thou shalt hold no dalliance after dinner, but shalt come at once to Athletic Field, lest thy days be short upon the list of the varsity.

TALCOTT CORPORATIONS.

THE STEELE TRUST.

Manager—H. P. Grabill.
Trustees—Miss Hardy, Miss Steele, Miss Simpson, Miss Bostwick.

TOMPKINS-GILFILLAN OFFICE CHAIR MONOPOLY.

THE "JUNIOR FARCE" STOCK COMPANY.

Stars—Miss Letts, Mr. Gregg.
Understudies—Miss Purcell, Mr. Andrews.

THE MILLER-MOORE SYNDICATE—"WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY."

Operators—Joe Miller, Miss Moore.
Superintendents—Miss Laura Wright, Miss Mary Miller.

This is the machine which
caused so much
trouble
to
SPADE ORATOR SMITH.
Let him calm his fears
for evidently it's
somewhere.



FRESHNESS.

Miss Barrows in English class: "Mr. Hamilton, what do you think of this subject 'air,' as the title of a composition?"

Mr. Hamilton: "Why, I don't think it's good; it covers too much ground."

Comstock (in giving the location of a given sentence): "It is a little below the bottom of the page."

Accurate statistics were kept of the questions asked by W. J. Wilson in Greek class. The totals are as follows:

Time, 57 days.
Questions, 461.
Average, 8.1 per day.
Maximum, Nov. 15—19 questions.

Mr. Winfred Altvater spent his spring vacation traveling in Ohio, making a "Tragic Appeal to Americans."



Significant steps in the lives of two of our Juniors.

A PAIR TO DRAW TO.

John Knapp, 'o?:

"I can go with any girl in Oberlin."
"I am a typical Gibson man."

One night Toddy proved what a young lady had said of him, that his "face would stop a clock."



Take aught you will from out my life,
But spare me any sobs,
By leaving me that dear old haunt,
That pie-shop known as Hobbs.
—"Toddy."

The "don'ts" in legislation
No doubt help a fellow lots;
But the Woman's Board that makes 'em
Must be awfully full of (k)nots.

If men were to pass at face value,
What a very queer world this would be.
Poor Socrates must have had troubles,
And so, for the most part, should we.

A Freshman girl remarks: "There are such queer names in Oberlin. There's Mr. Mosquito in our class. You know him don't you, they call him Skeeter for short."

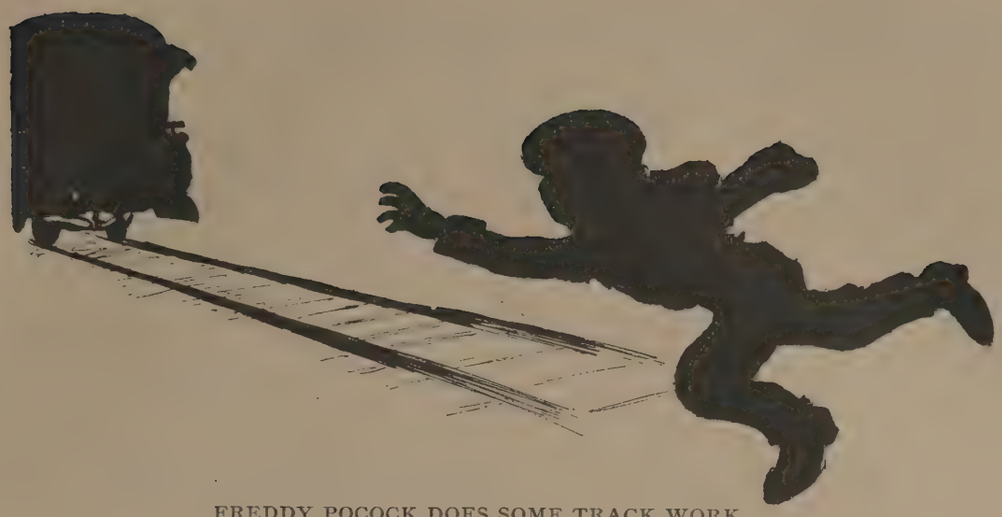
Miss Frisbee (to girl whom she has asked to fix the Talcott sewing machine for her): "Oh! you don't have to use thread, do you?"

Miss West: "Mr. McMillen, is it really so that they keep the Glee Club car in a shed down by the depot?"

Miss Wheldon: "I just hate mustaches anyway."

One of Elsie May's: "Prof. Bosworth, did John think he might write an account of Jesus' life, and keep a note book?"





FREDDY POCOCK DOES SOME TRACK WORK.

A plea from a subscriber: "Mr. Laird: Enclosed find $1.50 for the prevention of my *Review* subscription."

It fills our hearts with longing
And envy rife provokes,
To think of all the pleasure
Of the "Theologue that smokes."

Miss Feitz, '03 (speaking of exam.): "Mr. Field, I wish your head was on my shoulders."

Chapman: "You know she was the bella donna of an opera company."

Miss Grey (speaking of her roommate's illness): "She has been having severe convolutions."

Speaking of Lightner's love affair: "Well, Allan, I'm afraid you've got it."
Allan: "That's the trouble, I'm afraid I haven't."

Chapman, '03 (giving report of class distinction committee): "The boys will get their shirts ready-made but the girls want to make their own."

Miss Austin: "I know he is spoony." (In speaking of a young man with whom she went to the Thanksgiving party.) "He took hold of my arm, and I know about such things."

Ed. Moore: "Are you going to have anything serious in the Annual?"
Editor: "That depends on how rapidly your case develops."

One call a week. Anna May Crowe.
Three calls a week. Anna May Crowe Moore.

The Story of a Peck of Trouble for Miss Storey.

SCENE I.

PLACE: Hall and parlor of house on Oak street, Oberlin.

Mr. Dick and Miss S. talking in parlor. Door-bell rings. Mr. Dick goes to the door. There stands Mr. Peck.

Mr. P.—"How'do Dick, you live here? I wanted to see Miss S."

Mr. D.—"No. I'll call her."

(Exit Dick. Enter Miss S.)

Mr. P.—"Good evening, Miss S."

Miss S.—"Good evening, Mr. Peck."

Mr. P.—"I wanted to ask you, Miss S., if I might have the pleasure of taking you to the freshman party, next Friday?"

Miss S. (aside)—"O, dear, I'm sure Mr. Dick is going to ask me but I guess I'd better take the first chance." (Aloud) "Why, yes, Mr. Peck, I'd be very glad to accept. But won't you come into the parlor?"

(Both go into parlor.)

(In parlor two other couples and Mr. D.)

Mr. P.—"Why, here you are again, Dick."

Mr. D.—"Yes, here I am, old fellow, for better or for worse."

(Miss S. introduces the others. All fall to talking.)

(Mr. D. behind Mr. P. shakes his fist. Attracts Miss S.'s attention.)

Mr. D. (Silently mouthing the words)—"Will you go to the party with me?"

Miss S. (in same manner)—"I have promised Mr. Peck."

Mr. D. (misunderstanding the motion)—"Next Thursday night."

Miss S.—"Yes."

Mr. D.—"I'll come about six."

Miss S.—"Yes, it is kind of a fix."

(General conversation again. Other couples retire. The three talk.)

(Clock strikes ten. Mother in next room coughs.)

(More conversation. Clock strikes ten-thirty. Mother goes up stairs rattling keys. Clock strikes eleven.)

Miss S.—"That clock used to trouble me a good deal when we had rules."

Mr. P.—"Aren't you glad you don't have them now?"

Mr. D.—"I should think you would have hated those rules. Boys never would have stood them."

Miss S.—"Yes, I did, and yet they were a convenience sometimes."

Mr. P.—"Well, Miss S., I guess I'll have to be going."

Mr. D.—"So will I or I won't be able to get in."

Both—"I've had a very pleasant evening, Miss S." (with significant glances from both.)

(Exit all.)

SCENE II.

PLACE—The same.

Bell rings. Answered by one of the family, Miss M.

Miss M.—"Good evening, Mr. Dick, I'm glad to see you. I'm rather surprised to see you." (Ushers him into the parlor where are the rest of the family.)

All—"Good evening, Mr. Dick. We're glad to see you. We're rather surprised to see you. Aren't you going to the party?"

Mr. D.—"I'm glad to be here. Why, yes, I am going. Where is Miss S?"

Miss M.—"She's getting ready for the party."

Enter Miss S.—"Why, good evening, Mr. Dick."

Bell rings. Mr. Peck announced. Mr. Dick steps behind the curtain. Observes unobserved.

Mr. P.—"Good evening, Miss S. I met lots of couples going the longest way round the shortest way there, you know."

(Mr. D. behind curtain is greatly agitated.)

Miss S.—"That's a good idea. Let's go by Baldwin and peek in at the juniors. I'll just get my cape."

(Exit both.)

SCENE III.

PLACE—Peter's Hall.

Dick appears alone half an hour later.



O. S. U.'S NO GOOD.

Prof. Anderegg on the bleachers stood
  And watched the foot-ball game;
He grew excited, waved his hands,
  And most forgot his name.
Forgot his time-worn dignity
  With which he taught his Trig.,
Nor thought he of the freshies,
  Who must stay at home and dig.

The game waxed warm and warmer
  And all his massive frame
Would tremble, as the boys would mass
  And push through for a gain.
Then rising in his awful might,
  He two feet higher stood,
Then seized a megaphone and yelled
  "O. S. U.'s no good."

AN ATTEMPT OF ROBERTS'

Roberts reports one problem in mathematics. Professor Andregg: "You seem to be hiding your light under a bushel, Mr. Roberts."
Roberts: "I didn't hide it until after eleven o'clock last night."

Capt. Bradley's famous foot-ball speech at Y. M. C. A. reception: "Fellows, let your studies go once in awhile, you'll get along all right." (Professor Andregg is a little skeptical.)

My name is Jits O'Kada,
I'm a peach in Poly Con.
I'm a steady boy at Talcott,
And I think I'm getting on.

"George Jones flunked in Mike this morning."
Bert Brown: "That's nothing, I flunked on the same question myself."

Miss Birdseye (teaching gym. class): "Arm flinging, beginning with the left foot."

I'm known as quite a business man,
In business not my own.
I'm always glad to give advice,
Just call me down by 'phone.
—Henry Clay Warth, '05.

Bill Fraser got a 5 in French and was carried out of the room in a fainting fit.

Bradley, at Buffalo, before the game, receives the following telegram: "If you win today you win a double victory."—Cecil.

I give my dainty little laugh,
My little jig I dance,
In fact, I do most anything
The maidens to entrance.
—Howard Seymour, '04.



The "Oberlin Spirit" on its summer vacation.



VERY FUNNY.

Cross, taking president's chair, addresses the class thus: "I thank you for this little honor."

The man who rides a pony
Throughout his college course,
Will never have a kingdom
To give up for a horse.

Parry Jenkins buys two U. L. A. tickets. Soon after his father sends him a clipping on the inadvisability of early marriage. Result: Two empty seats at most of the lectures.

Miss Jenny, '03: "Mr. ——— is an invertebrate smoker."

Harry Marsh came back to school,
His lip was full of hair.
Alas, he met the Junior boys
And now it is not there.

"Miss Purcell, where did you get that flower?"
Miss Purcell—"A dear, sweet little boy gave it to me." (Who?)

Grace Jackson: "Well, I don't expect to teach but a year or two after I graduate, something will happen then."

At Professor Jewett's reception, Miss Crafts shakes hands, saying: "You know who *I* am don't you?"
Prof. J.: "Well, yes, if you haven't changed your name yet." (Copied from Miss Craft's joke book.)

What the Silhouettes Say.

57:23. Remembered what happens to a young man's fancy in the spring, and so hurried back to college.

57:1. And she hath prosperous art, when she will play with reason and discourse, and well she can persuade.

57:3. Silence is more eloquent than words.

57:4. Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

55:6. Sweet, be not proud of those bright eyes.

57:7. Noted for her scorn of the freshmen.

57:9. Her voice was ever sweet and low;
An excellent thing in woman.

56:17. A black-eyed Susan.

56:21. The little, short, fussy girl always seen with the tall, dignified one.

56:23. Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free.

56:22. "The whole thing."

54:6. How may full-sail'd verse express
All thy swan-like stateliness.

54:8. A quick, decisive manner and a pleasant smile.

54:22. A damsel from Wales indeed was engaging,
Seven calls in one week is so very presaging.

55:3. Her smile was prodigal of sunshine.

55:4. So modest bearing sets off sprightly wit.

55:6. Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.

55:8. She lived in that ideal world where language is not speech but song.

55:10. "He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am weary, a-weary;
And I wish that I were dead."

55:11. An indecisive maiden.

55:13. Thou sayst an unimportant thing
In such a gushing way.

57 : 11. An authority on the great historical event of 1066 A. D.

55 : 15. And silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of sound.

54 : 18. Force and energy are hers.

55 : 21. An enthusiast on the subject of "The Wagers."

54 : 16. Mary, Mary, quite contrary.

54 :17. "That fairer was to see
Than is the lylie upon his stalki grene."

56 : 3. Who addressed the president in society as: "Miss President, may I approach the floor?"

56 :5. Apt to get her lecture dates mixed.

56 : 7. So modest, half her worth is not known.

56 : 8. "And fresher than the May with flowers newe,
For with the rose colour stroof hire hewe."

56 :9. Nymph of the mincing mouth and languid eye.

56 : 11. Cheeks like the mountain pink that grows
Among white-headed majesties.

56 : 15. A chronic objector, a critic keen.

57 : 15. With countenance demure and modest grace.

55 : 19. Dignity incarnate.

57 : 21. Who is apt to have a "rush of brains to the head" when teaching in the gym.

57 :2. He talks much of the bronchos, but his letters come addressed "Ass Manager."

56 : 14. There are many more with such a name,
But still he's hard to beat.
In other points he's much the same,
But not so in his feet.

56 : 10. It's amusing how he muses,
How the poetry just oozes
From the many convolutions
Of his classic, cultured brain.

57 : 17. Seldom does she honor us with her majestic presence.

55 : 17. Proud of her Irish blood.

56 : 13. Faint heart never won fair lady.

57:13. Very precise is she and never, never talks about the boys.

57:14. Whose talents are kept wrapped in a napkin.

55:22. "My heart's in the highlands far away."

57:24. Who did not want his South Haven escapades to go into the Annual, because it would "queer him with the faculty."

57:8. An Irishman, "Be-jabbers."

54:12. The Moore she gets, the Moore she wants.

55:7. The man of dimples and blushes.

57:18. Just like his sister.

57:19. Tall and dignified is she.

54:3. Would that he was not a bluffer.

54:23. A very busy man is he; yet he seemeth busier than he is.

56:18. A dapper little man contributed by the Con.

57:10. [We allow his silhouette to be among ours even though he is married.—Editor.]

54:20. An authority on all branches of candy making—sulphur included.

55:9. Though Judge, yet never had a "case."

57:20. A prairie chicken from Dakota.

57:12. He never was in it a minute with Gregg.

55:16. Noted for his very descriptive expletives.

55:18. Did you ever hear him tell of his experiences in Germany?

54:5. Old Father Time.

55:2. A "Backward Boy."

55:12. Just like her brother.

56:16. The friend of Theologues.

55:5. Never known to put himself forward.

59:16. A boner and, by way of diversion, goat trainer.

56:20. Though prodigal, yet none the less welcome to our ranks.

56:2. Originator of the goat mascot scheme.

57:6. So handsome yet so modest withal.



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54:7—" Here's Rosemary; that's for remembrance."

1. There is a young fellow named Bar,
   Who comes to this land from afar.
   He falls on his knees
   To each girl that he sees,
   And assures her she's his guiding star.

2. In his country far over the sea,
   Perhaps this the custom may be.
   And yet over here,
   Dear Barsam, I fear,
   You'll be called an f-l-i-r-t.

54:13—" Oh, won't you come back to me Douglas, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

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54:24—"Della E. Purcell: the Queen of Hearts."

A little boy fell in some pants
Of width zwanzig and zwei-fuss.
It took a very skillful glance
To tell that it was Dreyfoos.

54:2—What caught the eye of the Junior girls
Was the Prexy's dear little curls.

Oh who is that with flaxen hair,
With glittering smile and rosy face?
Oh! that was Talcott's pride and joy,
Her dear departed Dunapace.

54:10 and 11—"As like as cherry unto cherry."

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In placing posters plentifully in Peters
Perceived posters privately purloined,
Now, if Poll and Peck, the principal poster-painters,
In placing posters plentifully in Peters
Perceived posters privately purloined,
Where are the posters Poll and Peck painted?

When Tyler was a freshman
  He said it was a sin
To take a girl to more than three
  Affairs in Oberlin.

Now Tyler is a senior
  He calls three times a day;
Please calculate the wickedness
  Of Tyler Hemingway.

1833 1902

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54:1—Although vice-president, "her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

---

1. I know one Junior, slim and tall,
   And one light as a feather:
   Whenever they walk out alone
   They always go together.

2. One day said he, "Oh! come with me,
   I will take no regrets.
   Come let us walk upon the green."
   "Oh yes," said Vinnie, "Letts."

54:4—Grace Jackson is supposed to be an inspiration to evening study. Ask Foley how it is.

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54:14—Recommended to fill Harding's place on the Annual Board, his qualification being "plenty of deviltry."

---

1. I know a slender fellow from the West,
   Who throughout the fall and winter did his best,
   Not to wither quite away,
   But to pass the time of day
   With his other friends, in study and in jest.

2. But now the spring semester doth begin,
   And his special friend is back in Oberlin.
   How our Walter doth revive,
   Become active and alive.
   Her arrival is a good spring medicine.

54:19—A young man often seen in chapel furtively reading letters written on delicately tinted blue paper.—[J. Richmond Childs.]

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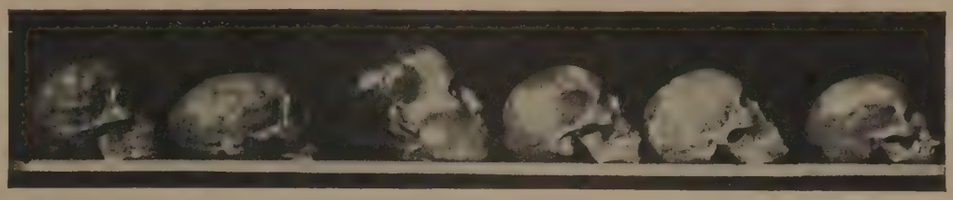
Located in Goodrich Building

At the inter-society contest,
When other maids conquer or die,
Miss Arabelle White was contented
With the honor of winning a "Ty."

54:15—
This young man wore a placid smile
After the Christmas vacation;
To give the cause, in his own style,
Was "in Warren on probation."

I thought I saw a circus tent,
With flags of every dye;
I looked again and saw it was
Prof. Mac. with a new tie.

56:19—Formerly of '02. Now finds no Hope in '03.



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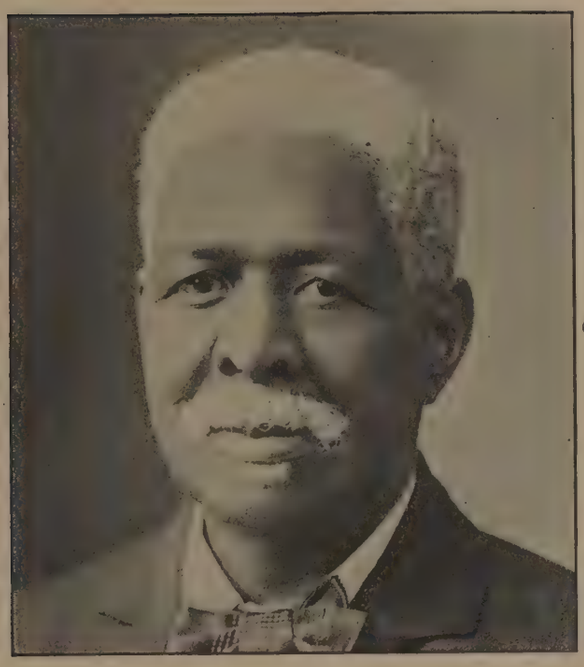
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55:1—For whom the Frost came with the winter.

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Who for this place do you think should aspire?
Is it a tenor or is it a bass
Best fitted to fill the vacant place?
I know two voices which surely are plenty,
Two goats that sound like tenor-twenty.

56:24—The realistic actor of the step-ladder.

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Alone—alone—all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
And never a soul took pity enough
To bear me company.
What's the matter?
Only the mumps.

56:12—

A dainty little creature,
  With a dainty little walk;
But the daintiest of her dainties
  Is her dainty little talk.

56:6—A faithful member of the social committee, yet his heart is not with us.

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57:5—You would never guess that Faith Brown has a pronounced double chin, for she shyly seized the scissors and snipped it off when the Board's back was turned.

56:1—The realistic actress of the step-ladder.

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The best place in the city to buy

Up-to-Date Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods

at living prices

And the only place where you can find the celebrated

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE

54:9—Is remarkable for his class loyalty and for his appropriate feeling for the Sophs.

56:4—A Con. is he, and never says anything sensible.

57:22—He seems a friend (to her) who sticketh closer than a brother.

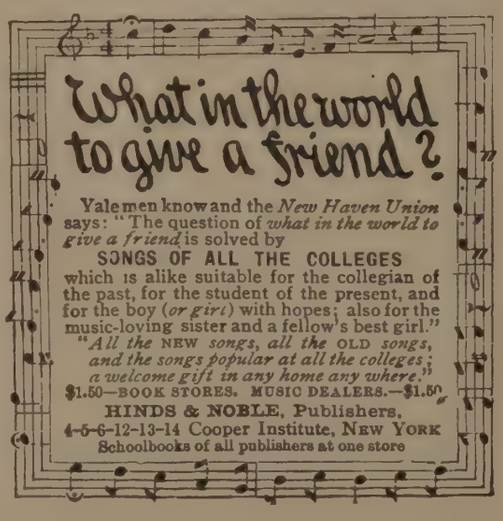
OBERLIN
STEAM
LAUNDRY

Special attention to Students' Work

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Time: Grandpa and I.

1. One night when I was snug in bed
A sweet dream came to me
I dreamed we were the Faculty
And the faculty were we // Repeat for Chorus
2. In chapel we had seats on high
While they were down below;
We always read and talked so long
We would not let them go //
3. In recitations every day
We listened with a frown
Whenever a Prof. stood up to speak,
We put a Zero down. //
4. When we met on Tuesday afternoons
Although the Senior Class
Sent in petitions by the score,
We never let them pass //
5. But just to keep our dignity
And see what they would do
When it was time to graduate
We would not let them through //
6. We make them grind but all in vain;
We made them flunk besides
And when the Grafs perceived their fate
The little fellows cried:
7. And so we were the Faculty,
A dream of bliss! and then,
Alas! I waked, and when I waked
I cried to dream again.

Margery Strong '02